McKean County Miner.

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VOL. XLIX SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1912 NO. 24

J. H. BIEVER PASSED AWAY ON SUNDAY

Death Takes One of Smethport's Well Known Citizens

FUNERAL WAS HELD YESTESDAY

Had Been a Resident of This Place for Nearly Fifty Years—Is Survived by Four Children—Was a Charter Member of Smethport Fire Department.

J. H. Biever, one of Smethport's well known and well liked citizens passed away at his home on Water street Sunday evening, June 8, 1912. He was aged 68 years, three months and 26 days.

For a great many years Mr. Biever has suffered with asthma and for some time this disease has given him a great deal of trouble, and for several months he has been unable to lie down, even to sleep. It was this trouble, with complications, which caused his death.

Mr. Biever was born in Buffalo on February 8, 1844, and when about 20 years of age he came to Smethport and has resided here ever since. On May 29, 1878, he was united in marriage to Miss Mellissa A. Irons, a daughter of Oliver Irons of Keating township, and to them were born four children, three girls, Miss Jennie, of this place; Mrs. Ora Davis, of Bridgeport, Ill.; and Mrs. Margaret Powell, of Adamston, W. Va., and one son, Fred, who is station agent here for the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R. Co. His beloved wife preceded him into the Great Beyond about three years ago. Mr. Biever was a kind and affectionate father and his death is deeply mourned by his loving children.

Henry Biever was a hard-working, honest and industrious man and a good citizen. He was a member of the borough council for a number of years and made a good representative of the people. For a great many years he held the position of fireman in Gifford's mill and about twenty years ago he nearly lost his life by being shot in the neck by Guy Gifford, who was handling a revolver, when it accidentally went off.

Mr. Biever was a volunteer fireman in Buffalo before he came here and when the Smethport Fire Department was organized he was one of the promoters and a charter member. He always took an active interest in the department and has filled most of the offices in that organization. At the time of his death he was one of the trustees of the department and janitor of the fire house and parlors. He had a host of friends in Smethport and vicinity who will deeply regret his demise.

The funeral services were held at the Methodist Episcopal church yesterday afternoon at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. W. McGavern officiating, and his remains were laid at rest beside those of his life-companion in Rose Hill cemetery. The Smethport Fire Department attended in a body to pay honest respect to their comrade and brother.

SMETHPORT, 9; MT. JEWETT, 8.

Home Team Wins an Interesting Ten-Inning Game.

The Smethport baseball team defeated the Mt. Jewett team in an interesting ten-inning game at Kane field last Thursday afternoon, the score being 9 to 8.

Smethport scored one in the first, one in the second, five in the third and one in the fourth innings, and the visitors scored three in the third, three in the fourth and two in the fifth innings, making the score eight and eight, and then neither side scored until the tenth when a base on balls and a two-bagger turned the trick for the home team.

The early part of the game was rather ragged on both sides, but after the fifth inning both teams braced up and played excellent ball. The attendance was fair, showing that local interest in the national game is increasing.

FOR SALE.

One top buggy; one lumber wagon, wide tire; wagon box; harrow with wooden frame; and patent hay rack. Inquire of J. H. STULL,
4t East Smethport, Pa.

DEATH OF GEORGE COVELY.

Former Smethport Boy Died at the Ridgway Hospital on Monday.

George Covely, a former Smethport boy, died at the Ridgway hospital on Monday, June 10, 1912, at about 10 o'clock in the morning. He was aged 33 years and 6 days. The cause of his death was typhoid fever, from which he has been suffering for the past three months.

George Covely was born in Smethport on June 4, 1878, and when about 16 years of age he moved with his father to Johnsonburg, where he has resided most of the time since.

In February, 1902, he was united in marriage to Miss Estella Underwood of Mt. Jewett, and to them were born two girls, Edna, aged 8 years, and Hazel, aged 3, who with their mother deeply mourn the loss of a kind, loving and considerate husband and father. He is also survived by his aged father, William Covely, of Johnsonburg; three sisters, Mrs. E. W. Jones, of this place; Mrs. Bessie McCluskey, of Freeport, Ill.; and Mrs. Minnie Sloppy, of this place, and one brother, John Covely, who is employed in Brownell's store, who will sincerely mourn his untimely death.

George Covely was a capable young man, who during his residence in Johnsonburg has made many friends in both a business and social way and his death will be keenly felt by a large circle of friends, both there and here.

His remains were taken to his home in Johnsonburg and the funeral services were held in that place at 9 o'clock this morning.

A WOMAN KILLED.

Her Head Was Severed From Her Body in Accident at Galeton.

A shocking accident occurred in the village of Galeton early Monday when Mrs. Clarence Ross who lived with her family just below Oleona was thrown under the wheels of a Buffalo & Susquehanna locomotive.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross had driven to town to do some shopping. They were driving a young colt beside an old mare, and when nearly opposite the Laurel hotel the team became frightened at the approach of the train from behind. They started to run and one of the bits broke in the horses' mouth; without control they ran up the street and attempted to cross the track ahead of the engine. No one seems to know whether Mrs. Ross jumped from the wagon or was thrown out, but she landed squarely on the track with her neck across the rail. Her head was completely severed from the body. The team and wagon with Mr. Ross cleared the track in safety.

The family are recent comers in Oleona and were attempting to clear a patch of land for a home not far from the school house.

JOHN M. ANDREWS.

More About the Famous Warren County Murder Case.

The Erie dispatch prints the following:

John M. Andrews, acquitted two weeks ago of the murder of Emile Amann of Warren, returned here last night after spending the time since his trial with his mother in Pittsburg.

Information received from Pittsburg was to the effect that Warren county officials do not dare to ask the state authorities to come to Warren to investigate the crime, committed a year ago last January.

Acting under the advice of his counsel Andrews will say nothing concerning his case. He has been besieged to tell what he knows concerning the affairs in Warren that led to so great a prejudice against him, but his attorneys have requested that he remain silent until they are ready for the denouement.

Bitter attacks made against Andrews have not ceased, according to reports from Warren. Attorneys who were interested in his case are now preparing a statement which is expected to create a sensation when sprung.

PLANTS FOR SALE.

Home grown Cabbage and Tomato plants for sale.

JOHN HALLSTROM,
Mill Street.

OX ROAST AT REW CITY.

Ox Roast, Clam Bake and Dance at Rew City, July 4th, 1912. Usual Fourth of July celebration. Music by Barr's orchestra. 4t

GOOD ROADS CONVENTION.

Interesting Meeting Held in Bradford Last Thursday.

Friday's Bradford Era in part says:

The Good Roads convention of McKean county convened yesterday afternoon in Exchange Lyceum. Invitations had been sent to all citizens of the county who are in favor of the improvement of the public highways and a large attendance at the opening session resulted. Men from many townships of the county were present and listened attentively to the addresses made at both afternoon and evening sessions.

Preceding the hour for calling the convention to order, the Citizens' band gave a concert on the Public Square and later played enlivening music in front of Exchange Lyceum.

There were a number of interesting exhibits in the Lyceum for the entertainment of the visitors. Included were different kinds of paving blocks now in use in the construction of highways in different parts of the country. There were also many enlarged photographs for the purpose of illustrating the benefits that are derived from the Good Roads movement which has become so general in the Eastern states.

The convention was opened by Secretary E. F. Knight with a few words of explanation. He told of the forming of a temporary organization to hold the convention and explained the need of a regular organization. Mr. Knight extended a cordial invitation to all delegates and visitors to attend the dinner at the Edgewood club.

Owing to the absence of L. E. Mallory, Mr. Potts, of Custer City, was called on to preside at the meeting, but declined. R. J. Hoffman was then unanimously appointed chairman and the meeting was called to order. C. P. Mayer, of Pittsburgh, was the first speaker and explained the Sproul act, as to its relations with the care and building of roads and the material to be used. He approved of brick pavement in place of the water-bound macadam, which is now in use in this section. He congratulated Bradford brick manufacturers upon the high class product that they were placing on the market.

Hon. R. P. Habgood gave the address of welcome, and R. J. Sharpe, of Kane, gave the response on behalf of the residents of McKean county.

Jesse Taylor, of Jamestown, O., spoke of the interest that was shown in good road building by the large attendance at the meeting. He urged a regular organization of voters to call upon their congressmen to vote for federal aid in road building, and pointed out the value of connecting the remote farming country with cities. The meeting was adjourned, after which the committee on nominations, J. H. Rose, R. P. Habgood, F. P. Holley, E. E. Bryner and C. E. Foster met and the committee on resolutions, George W. Bovaird, Dr. C. M. Brooks, of Bradford, and R. K. Godding of Kane, went into session and formed a report for the evening meeting.

Resolutions Adopted.

The committee on resolutions reported as follows:

The McKean County Good Roads association, fully realizing the need of good roads in this community seeks to awaken and keep alive a public sentiment which will result in the speedy improvement of the highways of McKean county. It requires no argument to convince all that good roads add greatly to the wealth of the community by providing means of efficient transportation for wagon or automobile between principal cities and towns, and,

Whereas, the public funds may be conserved by putting down roads, of a permanent character, and,

Whereas, that when the road improvements are made they shall be constructed in the most approved manner, and,

Whereas, the people of McKean county are to be congratulated upon the fact that their locality produces the best known wearing material for road surfacing in the form of vitrified brick which to the largest extent eliminates, even on the most excessively used highways the incessant burden of repairs common with other road materials. It is therefore,

Resolved, that in the improvement of our excessively used highways vitrified brick be used as the surfacing material in the interest of economy lack of maintainance charges and

(Continued on Page 4.)

JOE ZAFFINO SENTENCED TO PENITENTIARY

He Gets Not Less Than 14 Nor More Than 18 Years

MABELLE CRAWFORD IS ACQUITTED

She Was Charged With Cruelly Whipping One of Her Pupils—Other Sentences Imposed on Persons Convicted Last Week.

Joe Zaffino, who pleaded guilty to murder in the second degree for the killing of Peter Marino at Clermont, was sentenced last Thursday afternoon by Judge Bouton. The sentence was that he undergo imprisonment in the Western penitentiary for not less than 14 nor more than 18 years in solitary confinement.

—Mabelle Crawford, teacher in the Gallup school in Keating township who was charged with assault and battery for cruelly whipping a son of Peter Olson, was found not guilty by the jury and the prosecutor, Peter Olson, was ordered to pay the costs. The court remitted the fine and directed that it be paid by the county. The evidence showed that while the teacher had whipped the boy severely, he had been unusually bad in school and the jury assumed that he got just what he deserved.

The other sentences imposed by the court last Thursday afternoon before adjournment, were as follows:

A. H. Pierce, charged with selling liquor to a man of known intemperate habits, a fine of $50 and costs of prosecution.

Carmoni Napolitiano, charged with selling liquor without a license, to pay a fine of $500 and pay costs of prosecution and serve 30 days in the county jail. On a charge of conducting a gambling house, sentence was suspended and the county ordered to pay the costs.

James Jones and John Butler, charged with violation of the tramp act, both to serve two months in the Allegheny county workhouse.

Ervin Cole, charged with forgery, to pay a fine of $10 and costs of prosecution and serve a term in the Western penitentiary of not less than one year and six months or more than three years.

Leslie Bannon and Fred Hubbard, charged with larceny, to serve a sentence of not less than two or more than three years in the Western penitentiary.

John Ganey, charged with selling liquor to a man of known intemperate habits, sentence suspended on payments of costs.

John McDermott, charged with larceny, allowed to go under suspended sentence for one year, and Captain J. H. Howe, of Bradford, was appointed as parole officer.

Charles St. Clair, accused of larceny, was placed under suspended sentence for a period of one year and ordered to report during that period to B. C. Gallup of Port Allegany.

John Garrison, a Potter county man, accused of furnishing liquor to a man of known intemperate habits, was released under suspended sentence.

FOURTH OF JULY ACCIDENTS.

The State Department of Health is Ready With Tetanus Antitoxin.

To meet the Fourth of July demands, large supplies of tetanus antitoxin have been ordered for the sixty-seven distributing stations throughout the Commonwealth, by Dr. Samuel G. Dixon, Commissioner of Health.

Despite the nation-wide movement for "A Safe and Sane Fourth," which has been steadily grwing during the last few years, the total number of accidents resulting in the dreaded tetanus or lock-jaw, is greater on that day than any other in the three hundred and sixty-five.

The serum which the Department of Health distributes to the poor is used to immunize the victims of firecracker, gun shot and other wounds. When it is used immediately following the accident, or within twenty-four or even thirty-six hours thereafter, the danger of infection is reduced to a minimum.

Advertise in The Miner.

CONVENTION GOSSIP.

What the Republican Political Factions in Chicago are Doing.
(By James J. Montague.)

Chicago, June 12.—With the specific charge that "a well defined effort is on foot to buy the presidential nomination for Theodore Roosevelt," Director McKinley, of the National Taft Bureau, got into the game to-day and set the warring factions by the ears.

Senator Dixon instantly came back with these words:

"This charge is a common, ordinary, cheap, ineffective campaign lie."

Ten minutes later Dr. Henry W. Coe, chairman of the Oregon Roosevelt League, announced that one delegate from the Web-foot state had been promised ten convention tickets quoted at $100 cash and a good government job if he would give his vote to Taft.

After that, charges and counter-charges of bribery and corruption occupied so much of the delegates' time that no one paid the slightest attention to the work of the national committee, which filled in the time by throwing 40 Roosevelt delegates from Arizona, California, Louisiana, Michigan and Mississippi from the temporary roll of the convention.

The corruption story was scoffed at by the Roosevelt people generally. Even a verbal charge made by one of the Taft leaders that there are 68 delegates in Mississippi, Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Virginia; who are believed to be targets for Roosevlet persuasions was put down as a campaign canard.

"We have enough delegates to nominate Roosevelt without resorting to such infamy," said a leading Roosevelt booster. "If there is any corruption it is on the other side."

The other big development of a troubled day was the announcement by ex-Senator Flinn, of Pittsburgh, that 28 of the presidential electors already dominated in Pennsylvania will not vote for Taft if the President shall become the choice of the convention.

Flinn was backed up in this statement by Governor Glasscock of West Virginia, and Theodore M. Joslin, who is a candidate for the Michigan seat in the United States Senate now occupied by William Alden Smith.

Flinn, Glasscock and Joslin gave out a list of 14 states, Maine, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Washington, Oregon, Illinois, Minnesota, South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Missouri, Wisconsin, North Dakota and West Virginia, whose electors they say will, in part at least, repudiate Taft when they take their seats in the electorial college.

This threat of a post convention bolt attracted but little attention, even among the Roosevelt men, who are still busy trying to see what they can do about nominating their candidate at the convention.

Flinn contemptuously ignored the charge that he has formed a bipartisan alliance with the mayor of Chicago for the purpose of sending non-delegates into the convention, under police protection to organize a rump convention and probably a riot.

The Taft supporters heard with profound disgust to-day a report from Charles D. Hilles, Mr. Taft's secretary, that the President, sure that he is to be nominated is now advocating a progressive platform, in the interests of harmony after the convention.

Men like Senators Crane and Penrose have been behind Mr. Taft for the sole reason that they do not want a porgressive platform. They will make no concessions in that direction, and as the platform must be adopted before the nominations are made, Mr. Taft will, if nominated, have to take the platform that is given him.

"What has he got to do with it any way?" said one senator who is working for Taft. "He's only the candidate."

The lack of interest in the President himself on the part of the Taft men is one of the astonishing features of the fight. There are 38 men on the national committee who are violently opposed to Roosevelt. All 53 of them are moderately opposed to Mr. Taft. But they know that to shift to any one else now would give the Colonel an opportunity to collect a few more delegates, and they are chary of getting into any third candidate entanglements till it is found impossible to renominate the President.

Chicago, June 11.—With droves of disgusted delegates talking a compromise nominee to end this nerve-racking Taft-Roosevelt quabble, the captains on both sides fought harder than ever to-day for their respective candidates. The day's doings in the order of their political effect were these:

Roosevelt got one delegate from Kentucky seated by the national committee and lost 17 contests. The score since the beginning of the hearing is: Taft, 101; Roosevelt, 1.

The fourteen Roosevelt sheep on the national committee who strayed from the reservation Monday and voted against the Colonel's delegates returned to the fold to-day. There was no more treacherous talk among them of deciding cases on their merits. In all cases but one they voted for the Roosevelt contestants practically as a unit.

The horrible suspicion that many of the Taft men seated by the steam roller are going to vote for Roosevelt which has troubled the Taftites for a week, became a conviction to-day. The Taft vigilants went out sleuthing after the supposed traitors, but at midnight had found none of them. As a matter of fact about a quarter of the Taft delegates will vote for the Colonel unless something is done about it shortly.

William Barnes, chairman of the state committee of New York, who everybody expected to come in with a slung shot in one hand and a sand bag in the other, arrived with a declaration of principles and a promise to keep out of the national committee and out of the fight for the nominee. When the crowd found that Barnes

(Continued on Page 4.)

PRETTY HOME WEDDING.

Bert W. Richmond and Miss Alice Stull United in Marriage.

A pretty home wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Stull on Maple avenue at four o'clock yesterday afternoon when their daughter, Miss Alice Julietta Stull, became the bride of Bert W. Richmond of Elmira, N. Y., by the Rev. H. D. Bacon of the Presbyterian church, the pretty ring ceremony being used.

They were attended by the brother and sister of the bride, Sam and Letha Stull, and Miss Florence Sherman, a niece of the groom, was flower girl. The house was very prettily decorated in pink and green.

After the ceremony, a dainty lunch was served, covers being laid for twenty-eight.

In the early evening Mr. and Mrs. Richmond departed in an automobile, amid a shower of rice, confetti, etc., for Olean where they took the train for Elmira. Mr. Richmond has a home prepared for their occupancy on Roe avenue, where they will be at home to their friends.

Mrs. Richmond is a well known and highly respected Portville young lady and Mr. Richmond is a promising young business man now in the employ of the American Salesbook company of Elmira.

The out of town guests were: Mrs. Frank Sherman and daughter of Mansfield; Walter Strait and Miss Whittiker of Olean; Miss Myrtle Rowell of Buffalo, Miss Tilda Carlson of Boston, Miss Hazel McAllister of Colegrove, Pa., Miss Minnie Brogan of Bradford, Miss Grace Denninger of Norwich, Pa., Miss Gertrude Keating of Clermont, Pa., and Sam Stull of Farmers Valley.—Portville Review.

BOROUGHS LEFT OUT.

County Sealers of Weights and Measures Have No Jurisdiction.

The Wellsboro Gazette says: Because the recent act of assembly, which provides for the appointment of a sealer of weights and measures by the county commissioners of each county, did not provide for these officers to inspect the weights and measures of boroughs, the different boroughs of the state will get no benefit from the operation of the law, unless they pass an ordinance accepting the provisions of the act and directing the burgess to appoint in each case a suitable person and pay him.

If this law could be enforced in Wellsboro it would keep a county sealer busy for some time inspecting the so-called "one pound" packages of creamery butter, which housewives declare are shy from two to six ounces in weight. And butter at 35 to 40 cents per pound!

A movement is on foot to have the law remedied or amended to include boroughs, without additional cost to the boroughs, for the work done under the provisions of the act.

History of A Handbag

By Ella Randall Pearce

"I'll take this one," said Bruce Bowie, lifting a hand-bag from the counter where a dozen or more were laid out for inspection. "Can you put it in a box for me?"

"Sure," smiled the obliging saleswoman, for young Bowie was good to look upon and his voice rang pleasantly. He was looking abstractedly over the top of her elaborate blonde coiffure, however; so she switched down a white pasteboard box, dropped the hand-bag within, and, snapping on the cover, passed it up to the wrapper at the end of the counter.

As soon as he had received his package, Bruce hastened away, unconscious of the following glances of the pretty and somewhat nettled young saleswoman.

"He's got a sweetheart and that's a present for her," mentally commented the girl behind the counter; and as the broad shoulders and erect dark head of her late customer disappeared in the crowd, she became conscious of a high, agitated voice being directed at her across her wares.

"Miss, have you seen anything of my hand-bag? I left it here a few moments ago."

The saleswoman swept a hurried glance over the assortment of bags before her; then her face crimsoned. She made a pretense of looking over the goods, and her heart beat wildly as she considered the possible consequences of her own inattention.

"Your bag—isn't here," she faltered. "—I don't know anything about it. Better make a complaint at the desk, and leave your name."

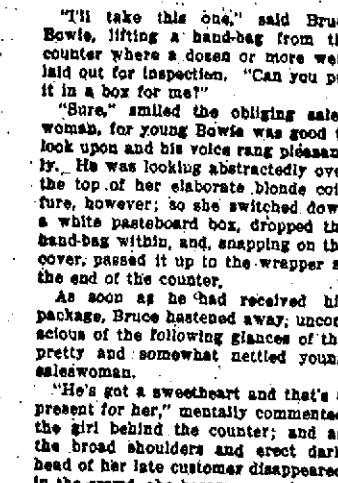
Meanwhile, as the agitated saleswoman suspected, young Bowie was carrying off the property. The first intimation he had of the truth, was in a telephone call from his married sister, ten minutes after she had received a package delivered by a messenger on the morning of her birthday.

"Bruce, is this you? What does it mean—that bag you sent me?"

"What's the matter—don't you like it? You wanted one of those Japanese things on a cord, so I bought—"

"Bought? Why, Bruce, it isn't a new bag at all. It's somebody's—don't you understand?"

"What!" shouted Bruce. Then, "Nathalie, you must be mistaken. I just



"Can you put it in a box for me?"

bought it down town. Took it off the counter myself—girl put it in a box. How could it be anybody's?"

"I don't know how it happened," called back Nathalie. "But it's got papers in—and smelling salts—and a lovely picture, a girl's picture—and some money. Shall I send it back to your office? O, you dear, of course I know you'll make it all right with me Get one as near like it as you can—and an empty one this time."

Nathalie's laugh rang merrily over the wire, and Bruce was smiling as he hung up the receiver; but his brows drew together in a perplexed frown as he opened the hand-bag half an hour later and looked over the contents.

The papers were important legal documents of some kind—and there was a letter addressed to "Miss Rita Carlton." On the back of the picture which Nathalie had designated as "lovely" was written in a girlish hand, "With fondest love of Rita."

Bruce looked at the pictured face long and earnestly. Something in the wide, dark eyes serious under their level brows, and in the contradictory curve of the mutinous lips fascinated him. The hair was parted and rippled low over the serene brow, and a pair of graceful shoulders rose out of folds of material fastened by a single rose.

The young man laid down the photograph, then picked it up again, seeking to analyze the particular charm it seemed to possess for him. Was it in the eyes, deep, appealing and honest? Was it in the smiling, saucy lips—or in the fine poise of the slender throat, above the delicate, sloping shoulders?

"By Jove! It is a lovely face. Rita—the name suits her. If I were to meet a girl like this, and she looked at me with such eyes, and smiled at me with those lips—well, Miss Rita Carlton, I'm glad I stole your hand-bag—for something tells me it is yours—and now I shall see you."

Nathalie had expected that her brother would go at once to the store where he had made his unusual purchase, and, having returned the bag, make another selection in honor of the day. Forgetful of natal days and promised favors, however, Bruce Bowie waited until he had finished his work at the office, and then made his way to a certain address corresponding with the one written on the letter in the hang-bag.

Miss Rita Carlton was at home, he learned, and the elevator speedily brought him to the door of her apartment. With no little trepidation, he found himself ushered into a tiny reception room, all green and gold, with a great cluster of crimson roses glowing on the center table, and dim lights twinkling from the shaded sconces. A swishing of soft silken skirts announced Miss Carlton's coming, and Bruce turned with a scarcely concealed eagerness. Would she appear as lovely as her photograph?

For an instant, his heart seemed to cease beating, and a strange chill swept over him. A dignified little woman, pale, gray-haired, with bright black eyes sunken beneath straight, brows was standing before him.

"You wished to see me?" asked Miss Carlton, in thin, polite tones.

"I—yes—that is," Bruce pulled himself together. "I called to see Miss Rita Carlton."

"That is my name."

"Then, I think I have your property here in this box. A hand-bag—"

"Oh, how fortunate! Let me see. I am indeed glad, Mr.—"

"My name is Bruce Bowie."

"Oh, Mr. Bowie, how can I thank you? You see some of these things are valuable. How did it fall in your hands, I wonder?"

Bruce told his story while she looked over her papers.

"Yes, they are all right—but where is my picture? Why, I was sure I had that picture in it—but perhaps—now, I might have left it somewhere. You didn't see a picture—but of course not. Well, I'm very much obliged, I'm sure, Mr. Bowie. Good-day."

Bruce descended in the elevator with his spirits fallen to zero. The picture—the lovely face that had enthralled him, was that of an old-time beauty, now faded and lined by the relentless hand of time. Only the dark eyes shining out of the white elderly face spoke of the loveliness that had graced the youth of Miss Rita Carlton.

The young man was surprised at the shock of his own disappointment, the bitterness of the mood which had taken possession of him. He stood irresolute in the doorway of the building with a feeling that somehow life had suddenly grown gray and empty. There was nothing that he could think of that he wished to do; no place where he cared to go. A strange apathy seemed to have fallen upon him, and robbed him of all desire and ambition.

As he stood there, the front door opened and a blast of chill evening air rushed in and made him shiver. Then he felt the blood coursing warmly and wildly through his veins. There, before him, like an apparition of the past, stood "Rita," young, beautiful, blooming, with her dusky eyes staring childishly at him, and her soft scarlet lips parted. They both stood silently gazing into each other's eyes for a full moment; then Bruce realized that she was awaiting for him to step aside and allow her to pass.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Rita," he said gently.

She walked slowly toward the elevator and looked back as she was carried aloft. The young man stood just within the door, his hat in his hand and his upraised eyes solemn and shining. Her own wondering, intent gaze held his until the car bore her out of sight.

* * * * * * * * *

Four days later, Bruce Bowie, through the courtesy of a mutual friend who was discovered after an arduous campaign among his acquaintances in town, was presented formally to Miss Rita Carlton and her charming niece and namesake who was visiting her for the winter season. Four months later, young Rita was betrothed to young Bowie; and on the day of her marriage, early in the following May, the elder Miss Carlton presented her with a hand-bag—the one which had brought about the romantic turn of affairs.

"I know you will prize this for its associations, Rita," she said. "And inside I have put a part of the legacy which was to have been yours some day."

Bruce placed a fond arm around the girl.

"Dear lady," he answered tenderly, "we appreciate your goodness—both of us—but nothing that bag can ever hold will be as valuable to me as the article I now confess to having stolen from it—this."

Slipping his hand in an inside pocket, he drew out the treasure which had never left his possession since he first saw it—Rita's photograph.

"Now, that I have the original," he said, "you may have your picture back again, dear Aunt Rita!"

Forgot the Fringe.

His chief characteristics to the casual observer were an assertively pompous manner and an assertively bald head. For about an hour he had monopolized the conversation around the club fireplace by the recital of the struggle that had raised him from poverty in youth to affluence in mature manhood.

"Yes, gentlemen," he continued proudly, "I am a self-made man."

A wearied voice came from the recesses of an armchair: "I should think, then, that you would have put more hair on the top of your head."

And the conversation was at last turned.

A Firm Hand

By Bryant C. Rogers

Many times before Dorris Chatterton had reached the age of sixteen her father and mother had said:

"That girl needs a firm controlling hand, or she'll take the reins and drive the team."

Dorris didn't want to be bossed. She wanted to boss others. She had a will that struck sparks of fire when opposed, and even when her father put his foot down hard he wasn't quite satisfied that he had won a victory.

At eighteen Dorris had settled down to the belief that she ran the house and all in it, besides the township, the county and parts of two adjoining counties. All this, and yet she had no enemies and few critics. It came so natural to her to domineer that people insensibly gave way to it. She didn't go around with a chip on her shoulder, but she just sailed along having her way.

Miss Dorris was fond of horseback riding. Gallants used to run out from the city to ride with her. There were also others living near by. For instance, there was a young Mr. Percy, who was deeply in love. His mother backed his suit, and almost the first thing she told him was:

"Dorris is very self-willed and strong-minded, and you must be careful not to cross her. At the same time, give her to understand that should a heroic occasion arise she will find you a hero. It will be well to let her know that you had three ancestors in the Revolutionary war."

Young Percy was making his courtship on the lines laid down, when the two went riding one afternoon. The road they took was being improved by the state at a long, steep hill. There was a natural wall of rock there, and it was being blasted for material to spread on the road. In order that the workmen might have a clear field, and to avoid injury to travelers, a new road had been cut around the hill for temporary use and signs put up. Neither rider knew of the change until reaching the road. Mr.

The two went riding one afternoon

Percy had no complaints to make, but Miss Dorris Chatterton had. That change had been made without notifying her. She had been ignored and she didn't propose to stand it.

"Where you going?" she demanded of the young man as he reined into the new road.

"We've got to go this way."

"We've got to do nothing of the kind. We shall go straight up the hill."

"But read that sign. It says: 'Blasting! Dangerous!'"

"Then you had better turn back!" was the reply as the girl headed up the hill, which had several turns in it.

Mr. Percy remembered what his mother had told him and followed. At the first turn they found five laborers, and one of them held up his hand and said:

"No way here. You must take the other road."

"I shall go straight ahead!" said Miss Dorris.

"Certainly we will," added Mr. Percy.

"But you can't."

But they did. At the next turn they came upon a man who was inspecting a broken drill. He was not over twenty-three years old, and though having his coat off and overalls drawn over his trousers no one could mistake him for one of the workmen. He was cleanshaved, had a fine face and big black eyes, and his voice was pleasant as he lifted his hat to the girl and said:

"Didn't you read the signs at the foot of the hill?"

"What if I did?"

"The road is impassable from this turn on, and we are blasting at the top. You will have to turn back."

"I shall go on!"

If the signs had read "Blasting! Dangerous! Keep right on and get your darned head blown off!" she would have refused to comply. And the fact that the man before her was doubtless the engineer in charge of the work, instead of a laborer, nettled her. He was polite, but she saw by his mouth that he could be firm.

"You will turn back please," he said as he reached out a hand and caught her bridle.

"Let go, sir—let go!"

It was time for Mr. Percy's revolutionary blood to boil and his heroism to come to the front.

"Scoundrel, let us pass!" he shouted, urging his horse forward.

His rein was seized, his horse turned and given a slap that sent it trotting down hill, and then the man with the big black eyes raised his hat again and quietly said:

"Take the other road, please."

Miss Dorris gave him one awful look, gritted her teeth and retreated. She was defeated, but only for the time. The man's scalp should dangle at her belt ere many more suns had risen. Mr. Percy was waiting at the foot of the hill, and as the girl reached him he began:

"I say, now—"

"Say nothing," she snapped.

"But, you know—"

"I know you went off as mild as a lamb, and I shan't need your protection on any future occasions!"

Mr. Percy's ancestors had been weighed in the balance and found 14 ounces to the pound. The ride was cut short, and Miss Dorris sat down in her shady bower to think of the man who had turned her back. Oh, how she hated him! Did she? Well, he had made her obey him, but he had nice eyes. He had been firm, but he was almost handsome. The same voice that had commanded also struck her ears pleasantly. He wasn't so bad after all, but he had bossed when he might have coaxed. That man must be taught a lesson.

Miss Dorris said nothing to her father or mother, or to the cook or gardener. She didn't even record it in her diary that she had determined to do a desperate thing on the morrow. At ten o'clock in the forenoon she mounted her horse and cantered away for Bull hill. Some signs of "Dangerous! Blasting!" The same laborers at the first turn sought to turn her back. She gave them a look of scorn and passed on, but she heard them shouting after her. There was no one at the second turn, but as she drew rein a man came running down the hill, waving his cap and shouting.

It was the man of the big black eyes and the firm mouth. He intended to head her off again. The light of battle shone in the girl's eyes.

"For heaven's sake, ride for your life!" shouted the man.

Miss Dorris didn't make a move.

"There's a blast to be fired right where you are!"

Still no move.

The man reached her, dragged her from her horse, and though she fought and struggled he carried her 50 feet up the hill. Then came a blast that tore a thousand cart-loads of rocks and dirt loose. For three minutes the sky seemed to rain missiles and was darkened with smoke, and girl had been thrown down by the concussion. He was the first up, and as he extended his hand to help her he said:

"I trust you are not hurt yourself, but look down there!"

"My horse?"

"Blown to fragments!"

"And I—I—"

"You would have been, I even think, you ought to have got a broken arm for your obstinacy!"

"Sir!"

"If you were three or four years younger I'd say you ought to have your ears boxed."

"Sir, don't talk to me like that. Oh, you are bleeding! Your head is cut open! You—you—"

They sat down on a rock—he because of a faintness—she because she wanted to weep. She did weep. She said she was a perverse, obstinate girl. She said she ought to have been hurt, too. She said—and he said—and the trembling men that came down the hill to look for the remains of Benly Davis, engineer, found the two holding hands. Only the other day the father said to the mother:

"Well, I'm amazed at the way Dorris is getting over her pig-headedness. Do you think that she and Mr. Davis—"

"Jacob, attend to your pipe and newspaper!" chided the wife.

"Running Amuck."

The expression "run amuck" is the Anglicized form of a term used in some parts of the orient to describe a form of homicidal mania, accompanied by a frenzied plunge in any and every direction. In the countries where the malady originated the word applied to it was "amok." The corrupted form of it is now applied in a score of ways—without much warrant.

In Malaca, Siam, Java, and adjacent regions the mental state which causes amok is well defined and much dreaded. It is attributed almost invariably to excessive drinking of stimulants. The victim first turns morose, generally remaining in this state for several days. Then he is suddenly seized with the mania for slaughter and starts on his mad run with the first weapon he can reach.

Extra precautions against these mad ravages are taken in some of the more civilized places, especially Batavia. There the police are armed with what is called a catch-fork. The instant the victim of amok starts on his madcalash he finds himself hooked by the minion of the law and held firmly the length of this odd human spear. He can harm himself, but that is the limit of his insane power.

Confused Anatomy.

The elephant never fails to excite wonder in the person who beholds him for the first time. A writer in the Christian Register quotes the remark of a small boy who was visiting a menagerie. "O papa," he exclaimed, as they passed before the elephant, "look at the big cow with her horns in her mouth, eating hay with her tail."

FOR ELECTRIC CHAFER

EARLY BREAKFAST OR HASTY LUNCHEON MADE EASY.

Authority on the Subject Writes of Some Good Things That May Be Prepared in a Few Minutes When Required.

Art and utility combined have produced a perfect electric chafing dish that satisfies people who insist that a utensil always in evidence, as a chafing dish is, should be fair to look upon and give a practical adptation of means to the desire ends, writes Henrietta D. Grauel, Domestic Science lecturer.

For the early breakfast, a hasty luncheon, a late tid-bit for my lady's experimental cooking or for "his" rabbit it is a comfort and a satisfaction.

Miss Grauel's Angels on Horseback —These I make just as one makes "pigs in blankets" except when shad roe is in season I use it and I do not steam it first.

Wrap about a teaspoon of roe, seasoned with pepper and celery-salt, but no salt, in two short narrow strips of bacon, lay the bacon on the palm of the left hand one strip across the other, so the four ends can be fastened together so as to form a shell or case for the roe inside.

Have the chafer very hot and all the "angels" ready at once, put them in and turn when they are crisp on the bottom. Serve on crisp browned buttered crackers.

Another splendid way to cook roe with bacon so that it will be moist and well flavored and yet rich, is to place a layer of bacon in the chafer and lay a whole roe split open on the bacon. As the bacon fries it seasons the roe delightfully and at the last the cover may be placed on the chafer so that the savory combination will be well cooked through.

New Potatoes, Saute—Cut new potatoes in very thin slices, heat butter in the blazer until it begins to brown, add the potatoes and cook until fried a fine rich brown.

Potatoes, Lyonnaise — Chop eight cold boiled potatoes, one onion and a little parsley fine, mix and fry brown in chicken fat or dripping as directed above.

Potatoes, Milanaise — Prepare as above but add a cup of highly seasoned cold chopped meat to the potatoes and fry all together.

Roulades of Veal (individual) — Mince cold chicken and ham or veal and ham or other meats fine, season with sharp condiments like curry and paprika, pepper and a few drops of pepper sauce. Have very hard, dry bread rolled fine and sifted and seasoned. Form the meat into small rolls, not larger than very small sausages, using an egg and a little cream to moisten the meat and some of the crumbs to make the rolls hold their shape. Roll each "loaf" in the fine crumbs, have plenty of frying material in the chafer and brown them nicely.

Surprise Pudding.

One-fourth cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sugar, one egg, one-half cupful of water, a little grated orange zest, one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder. Cream butter and sugar and mix carefully with the orang zest, the well-beaten egg, then alternately with the flour and water. Beat rapidly and bake at once in a well-greased bread pan. It is best to sift the flour with the baking powder at least twice, and the oven should be quick hot. Serve with orange sauce as follows:

To one cupful of hot water add two tablespoonfuls of sugar and one of corn starch; cook until slightly thickened, then add the juice and grated rind of one orange. Use hot.

Economical Jelly.

Take equal parts of ripe Hawberries (berry of the Hawthorn), and fresh apple parings and boil them thoroughly, together or separate, then drain through jelly bag. Measure the juice before boiling and allow one part sugar or two parts juice. Boil about twenty minutes, or until it is ready to "jell." I obtain better results by making jelly in small amounts.

This is an excellent jelly and inasmuch as the Hawberries are obtained free of charge in most localities, and apple parings are not very expensive, this makes an economical and inexpensive jelly.

Codfish, Cuban Style.

Shred one cupful freshened fish. Fry an onion sliced thin in a tablespoonful of butter or vegetable oil. Add to fish with water to cover also a half can of tomatoes and a half green pepper chopped. Cover the pan and simmer gently for an hour. If there is much juice in the tomatoes less water will be required. Turn the mixture on squares of buttered toast and like all salt cod dishes, serve very hot. —Emma Paddock Telford.

To Utilize Any Cold Meat.

Have meat, small piece onion and cold boiled potatoes cut very fine. Place layer meat in buttered pan, then layer potatoes, then layer onion, then bread crumbs, then meat, and so on until all are used; then beat one egg, add a little milk and pour over all. Bake 15 to 20 minutes. Serve with gravy made with pint of water and thickened with flour, add small piece butter and a little salt and pepper.

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The Scott F. Redfield Co., 925 Main St., Smethport, Pa.

The Boys' Magazine at all news-stands. 10c a copy.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, June 13, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Celebrate the Fourth in Smethport.

—Fry & Comes are advertising beautiful dresses and waists at half price in this issue.

—The annual county S. S. convention will be held in Bradford, June 20-21. Good speakers. Good music. Good program throughout. A good attendance desired. Come, workers.

—Carl Doran of Bradford is in jail on a charge of assault upon Mrs. Augusta Hendrickson. He had just finished a ten-day's sentence in the Bradford lockup for disorderly conduct.

—The Norwich baseball team won from Mt. Jewett at the former place by a score of 8 to 9, on Sunday last. The game was unusually interesting and was attended by a large crowd of highly pleased fans.

—The Travellers' Club held their annual picnic at the club house last Friday. They had made plans to have it at Coryville but on account of the weather, their plans were changed.

—Fred Younglove, who was injured in an automobile accident last week, was sufficiently recovered to be taken to his home at Norwich last Friday and it is said that he is steadily improving and expects to be as well as ever in a short time.

—McKean Chapter, F. S. D. A. R. will celebrate Flag Day, June 14, at St. Luke's parish house. A luncheon will be served the Daughters at 1 p. m. followed by appropriate exercises in the audience room, at which the townspeople are urged to participate.

—Harry Higgins of Olean, son of former Governor Frank W. Higgins, is going to become an aviator. He is now in the training quarters of Glenn H. Curtis at Lake Keuka, near Hammondsport, and is taking lessons from Hugh Robinson, a well-known aviator.

—Not quick enough to respond to the demand of "hands up" on an Erie railroad freight near Corry last Thursday, Thomas Sullivan, aged 36, of New York, was shot three times and fatally injured. He was taken to a Jamestown, N. Y., hospital. Four men were arrested charged with the crime. The suspects had been employed on construction work on the road and were on their way to Buffalo.

—John Garrison, a Potter county tough, who had just been released on suspended sentence for furnishing liquor to a man of known intemperate habits, got loaded up Thursday night and commenced using foul language on the street. Officer McCarthy landed him in the lockup until Sunday morning on a light diet his system was sufficiently cooled to enable him to leave town quietly.

—Pure Food Commissioner Foust has announced that grocers and other dealers in foodstuffs who display their wares exposed so they might contaminated by the dust and dirt from the street will be prosecuted. This applies to berries displayed in open crates, vegetables, etc. Agents of the pure food department are now at work in neighboring towns.—Ex.

—The I. O. O. F and the Citizens' bands, together with twenty-five or thirty of their friends went to Port Allegany Tuesday evening and attended a dance given by the band of that place. The dance was largely attended and the Smethport contingent report a good time. On the way home an automobile which was transporting part of the Citizens' band, broke down near Grimes school house and the boys had a seven or eight mile walk home, arriving here at about 6 o'clock in the morning.

—Henry Bailer, a bright appearing boy 14 years old, was brought over to the jail by Constable J. M. Hawks of Shinglehouse, Tuesday. He admits the burglary of about $100 worth of goods from Bert Davis. Henry says he has no parents, no home and that another boy struck him with a club and broke his arm. He had nothing to eat and no place to sleep. Surely the boy is to be pitied. He says another boy, Frank Clark, nine years old, was with him in the stealing.—Coudersport Enterprise.

—Bradford Era: Among the marksmen who have made reservations for the Eastern Handicap shoot to be held in this city next month, is Philip Sousa, the great bandmaster. He will stop at the Hotel Holley. There is much interest in the big championship match between Fred Gilbert, of Spirit Lake, Iowa, and Fred Bills, of Chicago. Mr. Gilbert now holds the Hazard trophy for the championship on doubles and Mr. Bills has issued a challenge and posted the required forfeit. The match will be shot off on July 5, during the Eastern Handicap at the grounds of the Bradford Gun Club at Foster Brook.

—On Monday four Slavs, who had been arrested by Fish Warden Conklin were given a hearing at Kane. The Slavs were employed in a lumber camp on Tionesta Creek and according to the information furnished to Warden Conklin, had for some time been illegally taking brook trout from the stream. They were arrested last Friday and two were found guilty. A fine of $28.20 was imposed on two of the men, but the other two were released owing to a lack of evidence. Warden Conklin learned that the men who were found guilty had been taking trout from the stream by spearing, using their hands and stoning. He also discovered that a "fish basket" had been used for some time by certain men in the lumber camp. This is a device seldom used on trout streams and consists of a series of dams, which finally imprison the fish so that they may be easily speared or captured with the hands.

—Anna Ruschmann, the 6-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Ruschmann, of Buffalo, was seriously injured yesterday afternoon when she ran into an automobile owned and operated by W. P. Hyde of East Main street. The little girl with her mother came to Bradford last Monday to visit Mrs. Anna Mills of Chambers street and yesterday afternoon she was playing tag with another child and had run across the street in front of the machine. The little Ruschmann girl started back and in so doing ran into the automobile broadside. She was knocked down and one of the rear wheels passed over her right leg, fracturing it between the knee and ankle. Mr. Hyde notified the mother and took her and the child to the hospital in his machine. Dr. R. K. Russell was summoned and gave the child surgical attention. Besides the broken bones, she was terrible bruised and lacerated.—Saturday's Bradford Star-Record.

TAKE YOUR WIFE'S ADVICE

Where Man Merely Creeps by Logic, Woman Leaps by Intuition at Single Bound.

Some one has said:

"When a man has toiled step by step up a flight of stairs he will be sure to find a woman at the top, but she may not be able to tell how she got there."

A man comes up to a conclusion by the slow steps of delicate logic. Instinctively the woman reaches it by a single bound.

Therefore, should you contemplate some important step without having consulted your wife—don't!

Her intuitive insight may be worth more than your deliberate reasoning.

Especially is the normal average woman quick to see the right or wrong involved in a proposition. She jumps over subtle distinctions and evasive phrasing and lands on the firm footing of eternal righteousness.

Ethically every woman is a seer.

And especially clear are the eyes of a wife in any matter involving the welfare or the good name of her family.

Make your wife a close confidant in all things, and the sequel will prove her wisdom.

There was Victoria Colonna.

She is a strong character in the history of her times. Her husband was a friend of the great Charles V. At one time her husband was offered the crown of Naples if he would join the league against Charles. The man was strongly tempted. He referred the matter to his wife. She bade him spurn the proposal.

Not every wife would thus refuse to be queen. But—

Most wives would!

Because the alliance contemplated the base betrayal of a friend, and the heart of a true woman instinctively is turned against such baseness.

Seek your wife's advice. She is your best friend, your most competent and wisest counselor.

The writer speaks from long experience. Almost invariably he has made a mistake when he failed to confer with his wife or has proceeded contrary to her advice.

A wife will help to clear away difficulties and suggest ways and means that might not occur to the husband.

"Two heads are better than one," especially if one be a woman's head."—Chattanooga Times.

Squirrels' Team Work.

The members of an outing expedition in New England while tenting in a grove near a glen witnessed an incident that seemed to show a friendly understanding among squirrels.

The members had just finished their dinner, but were still at table when a squirrel, with glistening, eager eyes came creeping down a tree that stood near. He crept nearer and nearer and finally leaped upon the improvised table.

Seeing that the woman who was presiding at table extended him a silent invitation to help himself to what he might like, the little fellow made bold to creep up to a loaf of bread from which only a slice or two had been cut. He seized it and dragged it to the side of the table and somehow managed to scramble down the side with it to the ground. He then fixed his teeth in the crust and dragged it away and down the steep sides of the glen.

But when he reached the bottom and confronted the steep rise on the other side it was too much for him. Then he gave a sort of call, which seemed to be understood, for soon squirrels were seen coming from several directions. They crowded around him, and after a little conference all took hold, and with tug and strain they managed to bring the loaf to the top of the hill and disappeared with it in the woods beyond.

All the Same to Him.

When Gifford Pinchot and Miles Poindexter were up in Alaska last summer, they had a guide who was a hearty eater. He ate all the time he was cooking, continued to eat while Pinchot and Poindexter were at their meal, and would still be eating long after the others had ceased picking their teeth.

The guide was particularly fond of grouse, which are moderately plentiful in some parts of Alaska. Pinchot and Poindexter would eat a grouse apiece, but the guide would consume four or five, with apparent relish. Senator Poindexter felt that the thing to do was to shoot more grouse and give the guide his fill. They didn't get a shot at any grouse right away, but Poindexter kept in practice by bringing down a couple of sea gulls. A sea gull is about as delicate a morsel as a turkey buzzard, or a harpy. Later in the day Pinchot saw some feathers scattered about the camp.

"What happened to those gulls?" he inquired.

"Oh," replied the guide with a yawn, "I got tired seein' 'em around and I just e't 'em."

News for Mrs. Brown.

"Have you any letters for me?" inquired old Mrs. Brown, bustling into the village postoffice.

"No letters," replied the postmaster.

"Dearie me," said Mrs. Brown, "I was expecting a letter or a postcard from my daughter Martha to say when she was coming."

Then the postmaster called to his wife:

"Here's Mrs. Brown wanting to known if there's a postcard from her daughter Martha."

"Yes, there is," replied the postmaster's wife. "Martha's coming next Tuesday."

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SECOND HAND BICYCLES. We do not regularly handle second hand bicycles, but usually have a number on hand taken in trade by our Chicago retail stores. These we close out promptly at prices ranging from $3 to $8 or $10. Descriptive bargain lists mailed free.

COASTER-BRAKES, single wheels, imported roller chains and pedals, parts, repairs and equipment of all kinds at *half the regular retail prices.*

$10.00 Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof Self-healing Tires *A SAMPLE PAIR TO INTRODUCE, ONLY* **$4.80**

The regular retail price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but we introduce our tires by making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

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DESCRIPTION: is lively and easy riding, very durable and lined inside with a special quality of rubber, which never becomes porous and which closes up small punctures without allowing the air to escape. We have hundreds of letters from satisfied customers stating that their tires have only been pumped up once or twice in a whole season. They weigh no more than an ordinary tire, the puncture resisting qualities being given by several layers of thin, specially prepared fabric on the tread. The regular price of these tires is $10.00 per pair, but for advertising purposes we are making a special factory price to the rider of only $4.80 per pair. All orders shipped same day letter is received. We ship C. O. D. on approval. You do not pay a cent until you have examined and found them strictly as represented.

Notice the thick rubber tread "A" and puncture strips "B" and "D" also rim strip "C" to prevent rim cutting. This tire will outlast any other make—SOFT, ELASTIC and EASY RIDING.

We will allow a cash discount of 5 per cent (thereby making the price $4.56 per pair) if you send FULL CASH WITH ORDER and enclose this advertisement. You run no risk in sending us an order as the tires may be returned at OUR expense if for any reason they are not satisfactory on examination. We are perfectly reliable and money sent to us is as safe as in a bank. If you order a pair of these tires, you will find that they will ride easier, run faster, wear better, look finer and look finer than any tire you have ever used or seen at any price. We know that you will be so well pleased that when you want a bicycle you will give us your order. We want you to send us a trial order at once, hence this remarkable tire offer.

IF YOU NEED TIRES don't buy any kind at any price until you send for a pair of Hedgethorn Puncture-Proof tires on approval and trial at the special introductory price quoted above; or write for our big Tire and Sundry Catalogue which describes and quotes all makes and kinds of tires at about half the usual prices.

DO NOT WAIT but write us a postal today. DO NOT THINK OF BUYING a bicycle or a pair of tires at about half the usual prices. It only costs a postal to learn everything. Write us now.

J. L. MEAD CYCLE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.

Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING

—AND—

EMBALMING

IN ALL BRANCHES PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO BY AN EXPERIENCED FUNERAL DIRECTOR

SPECHT & SASSE
SMETHPORT, PA.

McCall's Magazine and McCall Patterns

For Women

Have More Friends than any other magazine or patterns. McCall's is the reliable Fashion Guide monthly in one million one hundred thousand homes. Besides showing all the latest designs of McCall Patterns, each issue is brimful of sparkling short stories and helpful information for women.

Save Money and Keep in Style by subscribing for McCall's Magazine at once. Costs only 50 cents a year, including any one of the celebrated McCall Patterns free.

McCall Patterns Lead all others in style, fit, simplicity, economy and number sold. More dealers sell McCall Patterns than any other two makes combined. None higher than 15 cents. Buy from your dealer, or by mail from

McCALL'S MAGAZINE
236-246 W. 37th St., New York City

Note—Simple Copy, Premium Catalogue and Pattern Catalogue free, on request.

Call at my Store and look over my stock of

HARNESSES,
ROBES,
BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
Smethport, Pa.

Grange National Bank

Smethport - - - Pa.

Assets..... $565,150.00

We solicit your account.

IF ITS NEW and NICE and GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

A. B. ARMSTRONG
Drug Store

No Lice

Comfortable, healthy hens. More eggs—more profits—Hennes free from lice are sure when you use Pratts Powdered Lice Killer. If you kill the lice you get more eggs. 25c and 50c.

F. A. Green

Call for FREE Poultry book and 1912 Almanac

PEARL

Birth Stone of JUNE

Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

Engstrom & Olson,
Jewelers
Smethport, - - - Pa.

QUIRK'S RESTAURANT

Quick Lunches at all Hours

CIGARS AND TOBACCO

—also—

BALTIMORE SEAL SHIPT OYSTERS a specialty

JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Spring to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price.

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
52-54 Main Street
Bradford, Pa.

Sanes 37 MAIN STREET

BRADFORD, PA.

JEWELER OPTICIAN

Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.

Over Hamilton's Shoe Store.

Bell Phone 500 Union Phone 492.

Good Groceries

We hold our Customers by giving them the best goods at the lowest possible prices.

WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

TEAS AND COFFEES

retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom

—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner
PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.
Terms:—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.
ADVERTISING RATES.
Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annum, payable monthly.—Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.
Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.
Executors and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.
Address all communications to
HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, June 13, 1912.

Up to last night the National committee at Chicago had seated 141 delegates for Mr. Taft and one for Col. Roosevelt. This makes the total of instructed delegates for Mr. Taft, 342, to 411 for Roosevelt, as figured by the Taft newspapers. However, Roosevelt men are confident that he will be nominated, probably on the first ballot.

Col. Roosevelt carried the State of Ohio at the primaries by over 30,000, yet the State convention named the twelve delegates-at-large for Mr. Taft, and yet the political bosses of the grand old Republican party expect the rank and file of the party to stand by Mr. Taft if he is the nominee under such conditions. Is there any wonder that there is talk of Col. Roosevelt bolting and running on an independent ticket?

The Cunard line has declined to accept from the White Star any recompense for the saving of life in connection with the Titanic disaster, or the loss of the Carpathia's time in putting back to New York with the rescued. The Cunard company has also intimated that it does not intend making any claim for salvage considering it a privilege that the Carpathia and her crew were the means of picking up the Titanic's survivors.

The State Highway Department is promising the completion of many miles of improved roads in Pennsylvania by the close of summer. Much of the work projected is in counties west of the Susquehanna, but the eastern counties will get their share. Working on the definite plan developed in the act of the last legislature the purpose is, as far as possible, to link up sections of road already improved, which will afford continuous routes of good traveling. In at least twenty counties there will be unusual activity all summer and with the proper energy Pennsylvania will soon rid herself of the discredit of being a bad road state.—Bradford Era.

The Taft members of the National committee are applying the steam roller in the settlement of the contested delegate question and in a way that is certain to make an irreparable split in the Republican party if by any chance Mr. Taft should be nominated, which does not seem probable at this time.

They seem to be determined to beat Col. Roosevelt no matter what the cost and realizing that it is an uphill fight they are not stopping at any methods or tricks to accomplish their purpose. These methods will not be tolerated by the people and if Mr. Taft is nominated through them, Col. Roosevelt is sure to be an independent candidate. And in such event Mr. Taft will be the worst defeated candidate that the Republican party ever named. The politicians who have the situation in hand at Chicago know this as well as the people and we cannot believe that they will sacrifice the party to satisfy personal feeling against the man they can't boss, Col. Theodore Roosevelt.

CHESTNUT BLIGHT.

Suggestions to Owners of Trees That Are Thus Affected.

Philadelphia, June 8. (Special)—The following important warning to timber owners has just been issued by the Pennsylvania Chestnut Tree Blight commission:

With the advent of spring, the development and spread of the chestnut bark disease is especially noticeable, and unless chestnut owners learn how to recognize the pest, and promptly remove all cases of the blight, according to the suggestions given to the public through the medium of the press and official publications, it is safe to predict that our native chestnut trees of Pennsylvania will be doomed to extermination. In the counties east of the Susquehanna river in Pennsylvania, the conditions are regarded as exceedingly unfavorable and almost helpless, but west of the river the outlook for saving the chestnut is far more encouraging. If the people of that part of the state co-operate with the Pennsylvania Chestnut Tree Blight commission, by felling the infected trees and destroying the diseased bark and brush, thus disposing of the dangerous disease spores, its further spread may be controlled. All trees showing infections, no matter how slight, should be removed at once and every particle of the diseased bark must be destroyed, but beware of forest fires. This is method of treating infected trees at the present time, and especially in sporadic cases. So far no spray or application has been discovered that will remove or cure the disease, although there is no lack of remedies suggested by experimenters. The several experimental plots of chestnut, where various remedies are being tested, are being watched with interest, but thus far, as already stated, no satisfactory or certain cure has been found. The chestnut bark is testing scientists to the limit, but it is believed that a remedy will eventually be found.

CONVENTION GOSSIP.

(Continued from Page 1.)

was neither as burly or as brutal as they had been led to believe they deserted him in disgust. The speeches he subsequently delivered on the necessity of a high line of principle like those in the Rochester platform found but few hearers. He says he has not promised Taft to lead the fight on the floor; that he isn't going on the committee on credentials; that he will not try to control his delegation and that the only job he wants is membership on the platform committee. He will get that and it is more than likely that he will not be made chairman.

The arrival of Barnes revived the talk of Root for chairman and of Jim Sherman for Vice-President. Barnes told the newspaper men he didn't see any reason why the New York delegation should not support both of these men.

Barnes is Disappointing.

After sitting to photographers for half an hour the New York boss retired to luxurious apartments in the Congress and spent the day in conferences. His hulking frame, stern and rockbound countenance and outcurving nose inspired the hope that he was going to start something, and he was followed upstairs by an eager crowd. When his talk was found to run all on principles, and when the hardest word he found to call the Colonel was anarchist, a ripple of disappointment went around.

"Why, he's another Bill Flinn," said one delegate. "He looks hard and talks soft. What we need in this game are fighting men, but there don't seem to be any of 'em left."

After receiving Barnes the Taft captain-generals continued their worry about the rumors that they are being double crossed in the matter of delegates. Sleuths sent out to sound the sentiment of some of the men who have been put into the convention by the national committee returned with the appalling news that a lot of them have gone over to the Colonel. When this word was brought to Penrose he immediately got the whole Taft crowd busy finding out just which men are disaffected. All day the Taft vigilants were busy with every delegate who has been or will be in contest, but there were no results that satisfied anybody. While the Roosevelt leaders smile and say nothing for publication; they appear cockily confident that they are going to bag at least a quarter of the men whom the Taft crowd has been kind enough to seat for them.

While there has been little said of race, color or previous condition of servitude, one of the places that has been most closely watched by the Taft detectives bears the following label:

"A Square Deal."

The Roosevelt national colored headquarters, 3522 South State street.

"You are cordially invited to make the Colonel Roosevelt headquarters your headquarters during your stay in Chicago. Entertainment for delegates and strangers."

What the Taft managers are afraid of is that too many delegates with Taft brands have accepted the proffered hospitality of this club and have become politically uncertain as a result.

Governor Hadley Arrives.

Coincident with the arrival of Bill Barnes was that of Governor Hadley, of Missouri, who went into the national committee with the ever ready proxy of Sidney Bieber of the District of Columbia. Hadley says he has come here to fight and intends to stay here for that purpose. He expects to be in the committee when they fight the Missouri contests which are of much importance to the Colonel. Hadley is one of the numerous candidates for temporary chairman of the convention against Root. He will get out of the way, however, if the Roosevelt people can arrange with the La Follette crowd for Governor McGovern of Wisconsin. La Follette's and Cummins' 46 votes are all important just now and any candidate for temporary chairman who can furnish them will get the Roosevelt support without any trouble.

Wants Third Candidate.

Still another candidate and one who made a lot of trouble for the Taft crowd was "Jim" Watson, of Indiana. Watson is one of the Taft big four from Indiana seated by the Taft steam roller Monday. But instead of talking the delegates will [illegible] they ought to get together on a third man.

"What's the use of wrecking the party," said Watson. "We'll all have to stay in it and some of us may want some office some day—possibly. If we can get rid of this row by nominating Hughes, or even Cummins, let's do it."

That kind of talk was not pleasant in the ears of Penrose. He sent around to have it stopped but Watson kept right on talking just the same and found a lot of pleased listeners.

All the compromise talk thus far has come first from the Taft side. When Senator Borah was in the depths of disgust after the committee meeting Monday he indulged in a little of it himself but he did not pursue the subject today. It is understood that William L. Ward is another of the few Rooseveltians who would listen to a compromise but Ward will "go through" as long as the Colonel has the ghost of a chance.

After the committeemen, sweating and tired, had streamed into the Congress for dinner, the general impression was that the day had marked a revival of the Roosevelt hopes. The delegates are beginning to pour into town now and all of them are alarmed at the prospect of nominating a man who will drag the party down to defeat in the fall.

"I'm going to run for probate judge in my town," said a whiskered delegate. "I'm for Taft all right but what good'll that do me if he gets beaten as we all know he will?"

This kind of talk, which helped in the Roosevelt result in all the primary states has helped the Colonel to-day. The steam roller's subsequent proceedings are now discounted. In other words the worst is no longer yet to come, for it has already happened.

Big Mass Meeting.

While the Taft vigilance committee was hunting for stolen delegates the Roosevelt vigilants were busy with preparations for a vast blow out to be held Friday at which Roosevelt red fire and oratory will be sent up from every street corner till the welkin has not a ring left in it.

More than 300 West Virginians, headed by Governor Glasscock will arrive Friday and form a nucleus for this big celebration. All the bands that can be hired in three adjoining states will be on the job and the auditorium will be the theatre of the talking with ample provisions for overflow meetings. The Roosevelt spellbinders, including governors, senators and plain citizens will take turns in getting up enthusiasm. In short the meeting will be the first yell in the stampede for which the stage is being set.

Meanwhile the national committeemen have been threatened by letters signed by multitudes of their constituents at home that if they don't stop deciding contests on their merits there will be trouble when they get back. Delegations from a number of states are headed this way and as each arrives it will go after the national committeeman and persuade him if possible. It is reasonably sure however that the national committee has made up its mind and that Roosevelt will get no comfort out of any of its proceedings.

The national committee will conclude its labors Saturday, just three days ahead of the assembling of the convention. By that time the makeup of the committee on credentials will be certain and the decision will be for the first time out of the hands of the bosses and in those of the delegates.

GOOD ROADS CONVENTION.

(Continued from Page 1.)

the general satisfaction which will result.

The Evening Session.

The McKean County Good Roads association was made a permanent organization last evening at the session of the Good Roads organization at the Exchange Lyceum when the committee on nominations appointed by Chairman R. J. Hoffman, during the afternoon, reported, recommending the following candidates for officers:

President, L. E. Mallory, Sr.; treasurer, S. G. Coffin; secretary, E. F. Knight; vice-presidents, Hon. R. P. Habgood, Hon. W. E. Burdick, F. D. Wood, William M. Hodges, Hon. R. J. Hoffman, J. H. Rose, L. E. Mallory, Jr., E. C. Emery, D. A. Dennison, Gustine Cable, W. S. Gaffney, C. C. Stratton, C. E. Foster and G. W. Foster, all of Bradford; Hon. E. R. Benson, Mt. Jewett; Hon. R. W. Hilton, Smethport; H. H. Redfield, Smethport; Hon. J. W. Bouton, Smethport; E. E. Bryner, Custer City; C. S. King, Port Allegany; G. W. Olmstead, Ludlow; R. K. Godding, Kane; E. B. Sage, Red Rock; H. C. Cox, Corydon; John Bartley, Mt. Alton. All of the officers were elected unanimously.

Jesse Taylor, of Columbus, O., secretary of the Ohio Good Roads Federation, delivered the principal address of the evening on the subject: "Get Out of the Mud." Previous to his talk, stereoptican pictures of [illegible] with Mr. Knight as lecturer.

Mr. Taylor told how money was being expended in the islands of Porto Rico, the Philippines, the little island of Guam. He said that the people of Pennsylvania have now stepped to the front as New York state has done. The campaign of good roads is on in earnest in Ohio and Pennsylvania. He remarked that a system of good roads would bring better times and improve the conditions of the people.

Frequently during his address Mr. Taylor was interrupted with applause.

Following Mr. Taylor's speech, illustrated lectures were given by L. E. Boyton, of Washington, D. C., and William P. Blair, of Cleveland, O. The former showed specimens of bad roads and how they were improved and the latter, showed specimens of brick built highways.

The views were made possible through the courtesy of T. B. Breakey of the Star show who furnished the moving picture machine.

Following the afternoon session, the delegates, speakers and guests boarded a special traction car and were taken to the Edgewood club, where a palatable dinner was served. Before returning to this city, a majority of the party rode to Bells Camp and inspected Bon Air sanatorium.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending June 8th, 1912:

Cover, Jos. G.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP,
Postmaster.

WESTBROOK ACADEMY, Olean, N. Y.
Special
Rate to early applicants for next school year. Chance to save $25. For particulars address, E. D. Westbrook, Olean, N. Y.

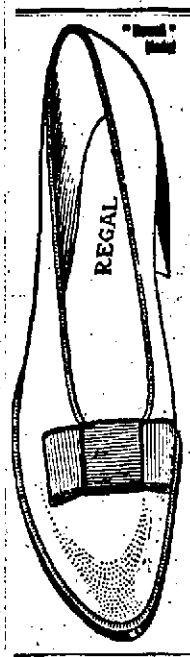
ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Celia A. Sprague, deceased.

Letters of Administration on the estate of Celia A. Sprague, late of Keating township, McKean county, Pa., deceased, have been granted to C. T. Chase, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment and those having claims or demands will make the same known without delay.

Smethport, Pa., May 27, 1912.6t

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD
TWO-DAY EXCURSION
$2.25 to Buffalo
AND RETURN
$2.50 to Niagara Falls
AND RETURN
FROM SMETHPORT
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 26, 1912
Tickets good going only on train leaving at 8:23 a.m. Good returning on all regular trains leaving Niagara Falls and Buffalo June 26 or 27. Baggage will not be checked on these tickets. Tickets will not be accepted for passage in Pullman Parlor or Sleeping Cars.
Children, between 5 and 12 years of age, half fare.



NEW REGALS
IN SHOES AND OXFORDS
Black and Tan. Button and Lace.
All Leathers
All Styles
All Sizes
All Widths
All Prices
Try on a Pair.
H. W. Rubin.
THE OLD RELIABLE CLOTHIER.

Gold Leaf Rye Whiskey
Is Absolutely Pure. It contains the concentrated, nourishing qualities of rye from the richest fields, known to the trade.
It is distilled and aged under perfect conditions and with scrupulous care. Ask for it. For sale by.
F. H. HUNGIVILLE,
—WHOLESALE LIQUORS—
Smethport, - - - Pa.

THE PIERCE-ARROW
By far the greater part of the work of improvement made in the course of ten years of manufacturing Pierce-Arrow Cars, is not apparent to the casual observer. This work has been carried out in the laboratory, the engineering department and in tests on the road, and in the shop. The concrete result has been the adoption of but a very small percentage of the proposed changes or devices submitted to test. The process has been one of elimination carried out in the factory rather than in the cars themselves. These experiments have been made at the expense of the Pierce-Arrow Motor Car Company instead of that of the purchaser.
Pierce-Arrow Sales Company
756 Main Street
Buffalo, N.Y.

PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

"WARM WEATHER IS HERE"

But it won't bother you a bit if you have one of our hot plates. We have them in one, two and three burners. If it is GRISWOLD that is all you need to know about a hot plate.

Screen doors from 75c up.
Screen windows from 20c up.
Hammocks from $1.50 up.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

ARE YOU a PROGRESSIVE

It is a birth right given to you to vote as you please. The same right given to you to purchase Groceries. We belong to no trust or combination of prices being the result of our increase in business where groceries are sold at their Market Value.

Best Granulated Sugar	6c lb.
7 Bars Oak Leaf Soap	25c
7 Bars Lenox Soap	25c
6 Bars Fells Naptha	25c
Large Size Gold Dust	19c
Royal Baking Powder	38c
Kelloggs Corn Flakes 3c, 3 for	25c
Post Toasties 8c, 3 for	25c
3 Cans Corn	25c
Arm & Hammer Soda	6c
7 lbs Best Oat Flakes	25c
Good Rio Coffee	28c
Good Green Tea	38c

Headquarters for Fresh Fruit and Vegetables.

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, June 13, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Col. M. M. Gillette has purchased a new Cadillac five-passenger automobile.

—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Alphus Hazen, on Saturday, June 1, 1912, a boy.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Mitchell of Olean, N. Y., June 12, 912, a twelve-pound daughter.

—The Pennsylvania Universalist convention was held in Bradford on Tuesday.

—A new cement walk has been aid in front of the Ford property on Church street.

—An automobile belonging to F. P. Lawton of Bradford was destroyed by fire at Coleville last Saturday evening. The car was valued at $3,000.

—The local order of Odd Fellows attended the Methodist church Sunday evening and listened to an address by Rev. J. W. McGavern.

—The Crosby Oil and Gas company has purchased a new E. M. F. car for the use of George Howard, the field superintendent.

—Mrs. E. L. Keenan entertained a large party of ladies at her home on Main street last Thursday afternoon.

—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Green went to Buffalo last Thursday and Mrs. Green underwent an operation for the removal of a tumor at the hospital Friday. Mrs. Green's many friends will be pleased to hear that she is getting along nicely and expects to be home this week.

—Mrs. Scott F. Redfield entertained the Bridge Whist Club at her home on West Main street last evening.

—Miss Jennie Van Horn was operated upon for appendicitis at the Kane Summit hospital on Wednesday of last week. She is getting along as well as could be expected.

—Mrs. N. D. Raymer was taken to the Kane Summit hospital on Monday and yesterday she underwent an operation. Late reports from her are to the effect that she is getting along nicely.

—The frosts in this section during the past week have not been sufficiently heavy to do any material damage, although we understand that on some of the hills crops were more or less damaged.

—Dr. John Clark has bought through the Backus Novelty company a Flanders-20 coupe. It is the first car of this kind in Smethport and certainly is a clever little car for rough weather and a beauty at any time.

—Mrs. John W. Voorhees was taken to the Kane Summit hospital last Friday where she underwent a delicate operation. She withstood the shock admirably and at the present time she is on the road to rapid recovery.

—There will be given a concert lecture at the Union church, East Smethport, this evening commencing at 7:30, by Mrs. Pearfer, who is sent here by the County W. C. T. U. Admission free. Everybody is urged to attend.

—Dr. Hamilton's many friends here are congratulating him on the way he put one over on a prominent hotel manager in Buffalo in a hat deal. It is a long story and as we might get it a trifle mixed up if we will tell you about it. It is a mighty good story and we feel confident the doctor will enjoy telling it if you ask him.

—James McGuire of the Grand Central hotel, lost his beautiful driving horse, Prince, Tuesday night. The animal had been sick with colic and got out and ate a lot of grass which caused death. Prince, besides being an excellent family horse, was a great pet with the family.

—A big forest fire broke out in an old slashing at the big woods on Tuesday and for a time threatened the new town of Norwich. A large force of men were put to work fighting the fire and with the assistance of the rain yesterday they now have it completely under control.

—Roy Dye, who is some fisherman, brought in a beautiful German brown trout that he caught in Cole creek last Saturday. It was 17½ inches long and weighed two pounds and four ounces. He also had a native speckled trout about a foot long as well as several other smaller ones.

—Mrs. F. P. Isherwood, of No. 33 Walker avenue, yesterday afternoon entertained the Twentieth Century Bridge club of Smethport and a few Bradford ladies at a 1 o'clock luncheon at home. The larger number of visitors from the county seat came by automobiles. It was a most delightful occasion.—Wednesday's Bradford Era.

—The residence of Attorney D. S. Helmer of Port Allegany was destroyed by fire Tuesday night. The gas line had been struck by men working on the street with a plow, which is supposed to have caused a leak, and the gas followed the pipe to the house, and in this manner the fire is supposed to have originated. The family was away at the time.

—A child of Ed. Sloppy, who resides on Hilton avenue, near the Smethport Window Glass factory, was stricken with scarlet fever yesterday. The Board of Health took the matter in hand promptly and put the house under strict quarantine, men being employed to watch the house day and night. With these precautions the disease will have little chance to spread any farther.

—An automobile owned and driven by Robert Bishop of Bradford struck Paul Pierotti, a seven-year-old boy in that city last evening, while the boy was playing with several companions on East Main street. Young Pierotti ran across the street directly in front of the car and Bishop made a wide detour in trying to miss him, but the rear wheel hit the boy and rolled him under the car. It is said that his injuries are not serious, although he was badly bruised and cut in several places. His escape from death was certainly lucky.

—The five Chinamen who left Olean Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock, after having hidden for some time in the tonneau of a big automobile which had two white men on the front seat and which until the train pulled into the station, was apparently empty, were captured by the United States immigration authorities at Harrisburg, Pa., when the train drew into that city Wednesday evening of last week. The Chinks were evidently smuggled across the border at or near Niagara Falls and hurried to Olean by auto. It is said that there is a standing reward of $50 for the arrest of a smuggled Chinaman and it is expected that Detective Summers of Olean will share in the reward as he furnished the information leading to the arrest of the quintet.

—Monday morning Mrs. P. H. McAbon of East Smethport gave O. T. Chase an envelope containing $52.00 in currency and $31.02 in checks to be deposited with the Hamlin Bank & Trust Company. Mr. Chase put the envelope in his pocket and drove up to the postoffice here. When he reached for the envelope it was missing. He instituted a thorough search from the place he received it to the place where he missed it and had about given it up as lost when on the following morning he received a telephone message from Mrs. C. H. Burlingame stating that her son had found a similar envelope near the post office and would bring it to the post office and meet him. Creighton Burlingame had found the lost envelope and returned it entact, receiving a substantial reward for his honesty. It is lucky for all concerned that the envelope was found by an honest young man and was promptly returned.

FOR SALE.

One horse, a good roadster; one top buggy; one cab buggy, nearly new; one cutter, nearly new; saddle harness and robes. Terms cash or approved security. Apply to

DR. JOHN CLARK,
Smethport, Pa.

SPRING MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Spring and Summer is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on

CARRIE CLARK.

Subscribe for The Miner.

He Is an Expert Oil Well Driller and Oil Well Worker.

A dispatch from Tionesta, Pa., says: Manly Copeland, aged 44, who has been sightless almost since birth, is considered one of the most remarkable blind men this section has ever known. His case appears to demonstrate the theory that when nature withholds from a man one sense it often compensates for the deficiency by the superior perfection with which she bestows others.

For many years Copeland has been able to repair windmills, mowing machines and other farming implements. He builds sheds and fences, and knows every public road and path in the vicinity. He knows his neighbors by their walk and horses and wagons by their sound and action alone.

Strangest of all, he has for years been one of the most expert oil drillers and pumpers in this section. He is able to take a gas engine apart and put it together without assistance from anyone. He is able to tell the number of pounds of steam in boilers used for drilling.

When Copeland went into oil field work his friends predicted that he would soon blow himself up, but while he has had several narrow escapes he still possesses a whole body. It is well known to drillers in these parts that he can climb to the highest derrick, regulate the ropes and pulleys and change the elevators as quickly as any man in the business. One operator says Copeland can detect a defect in drilling or pumping machinery more readily than any other man of his acquaintance.

"One thing that puzzles me more than anything else," says James Canfield, a well-known driller, "is that in amber oil wells Copeland can draw off the water with less waste than any other man I ever saw."

Copeland's most wonderful exploit, however, was in the case of one Mr. Carson, who owned a tract of timber near Copeland's home. Carson, a stranger in the community, called on Copeland, whom he did not know was blind, and told him there were two corners of his land that he could not find, and requested Copeland to go with him and locate them. The blind man said he knew where they were, and keeping his blindness a secret, led the man by a deserted road and footpath through the woods. Finally he stopped and said, "Here is one of the corners you want," and sure enough it was. Copeland then led Carson to the other missing corner.

Carson left Copeland ignorant of the fact that the later was blind, and later refused to believe that fact when it was told him.

During his leisure hours Copeland studies mensuration, not from books, but in a way peculiar to himself, and when certain of the girth, length and diameter of any piece of timber is given him, he can reduce its contents to feet and inches.

Copeland tells the time of day or night with perfect accuracy by feeling alone. He has no crystal on his watch, and in determining the time merely touches the hands lightly. He is also a musician, and plays a violin and parlor organ cleverly.

GIRL WANTED.

Good dining room girl. Apply at Hotel Hazel, Hazelhurst, Pa.

The New Domestic Vacuum Cleaner

J. L. HUTCHINGS, Agent.
OLEAN, N. Y.

J. M. HORNLEIN,
Demonstrator for Smethport.

The Domestic has already been Placed in the leading homes of Smethport.

EVERY BOYS SUIT IN THIS STORE REDUCED

Buy Now and Save from $1.00 to $2.50

$3.00 for a Knicker boys worth $4.00
$4.00 for a Knicker boys worth $5.00
$4.50 for a Knicker boys worth $6.50
$5.00 for a Knicker boys worth $7.50

Most suits come with 2 pair of Knicker Bocker, lined, pants.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Clean Sales

FRY & COMES

Commencing July 8, this store will be closed at 6 p.m. except on Monday and Sat.

BEAUTIFUL DRESSES AND WAISTS AT HALF PRICE.

We offer this week for quick clearance eight handsome ready to wear dresses at just half the regular selling price.

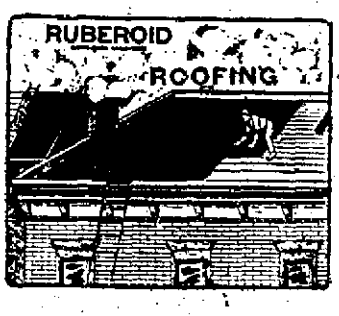
Limited space permits of general description only.

You'll have to see the garments to appreciate this remarkable offering.

One black Taffeta Size 36 regular price $19.50 now.....$9.75
One black Taffeta Size 18 regular price $16.50 now.....$6.75
One Navy blue wool serge size 36 regular price $22.50 now..$11.75
One Gobelin blue wool serge size 34 regular price $19.50 now $9.75
One cardinal wool Panama size 18 regular price $16.50 now...$8.25
One lace white net size 16 regular price $16.50 now.....$8.25
One light blue Silk size 34 regular price $16.50 now.....$8.25
One white Lingerie Lawn size 34 regular price $7.75 now.....$3.88
Thirty white waists size 32 to 42 reg. $1. to $3.50 now 50c to $1.75
(Lingerie Lawn— Linen Finish Cottons and Linen)
New Wash Skirts White, Light blue and tan $1.25 to.....$2.00
New embroidery Flouncing—Exceptional values just received 27in. at 45c and 65c the yard. 45 in. at 75c and $1.10 yd.

FRY & COMES

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in your feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

TOILET ARTICLES

Our line of Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with lock-ed doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON. Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

SHOES! SHOES!

his is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun metal and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penna

THE QUEST OF GENTLE HAZARD

Being the Adventures in Love and Chivalry of Lord Richard Jocelyn

By H. M. EGBERT

(Copyright, 1911, by W. G. Chapman.)

A Midnight Elopement

Lord Richard Jocelyn was bored. He had tried every expedient that was known to him as tending to alleviate this condition of mind, but without effect. He had read three evening papers, played a couple of games of solitaire, looked out of the windows of his apartment on Madison avenue, and cleaned his pipes. At last, in desperation, he rang for his valet.

"Talbot," he said, when his servant entered, "I'm bored again. Shall I go to bed?"

"No, sir, I'd take a bit of a stroll, sir," his servant answered.

"Excellent idea, Talbot," cried Lord Jocelyn enthusiastically. "Bring me my boots."

As he put them on the last traces of ennui vanished from his countenance. Walking was to Lord Jocelyn the best refuge against that state of mind when the world commences to look stale and unprofitable, for a stroll about the city seemed equivalent to a plunge into unknown depths, fraught with possibilities. Since he had been in New York the enthusiasm he felt for America had steadily increased.

"You may talk about romantic London," he said to his friend Jack Stanfield, "but I tell you it doesn't begin to compare with this city. With us the improbable is a possibility; with you it is a fixed condition."

He passed into the street and started walking at a brisk rate in the direction of Madison square.

"Now here, for example," he said, halting and looking up at the electric lights which gleamed through the thick foliage of the trees—"here is the very deuce of romance; a primeval forest within the city's heart. Who knows but that any moment something may happen—yes, even an adventure!"

Just then he bumped into a pedestrian, and turning, perceived that this was Jack Stanfield himself.

"It's begun," said Jocelyn solemnly.

"What's begun?" asked Stanfield irritably.

"What!" repeated Jocelyn. "Why, my adventure. Come along, Jack; fate had evidently decreed that we are to share it in company."

"I'm in no mood for adventures," said his friend shortly. "I'm going home."

"And I am going home, too—to your home," answered Jocelyn gayly, taking him by the arm.

"Look here," said Stanfield, disengaging himself suddenly when they had proceeded some distance in silence, "I don't feel well. I'm going to bed. I'm sick."

Lord Jocelyn's heart was a soft one and felt genuinely concerned.

"Then I'll come in and doctor you," he said. "It's the grippe you've got. Everybody's got it. Now we'll stop at a drug store and get some mustard plasters, and as soon as you're in bed I'll put one on your chest and another—"

"O, the devil!" said Stanfield explosively. "See here, Jocelyn, I'll tell you the truth. The fact is, I don't want to see anybody. I'm leaving town tonight, and what's more, I don't know when I shall be back."

"I'm leaving town also—with you," said Jocelyn. "It's no use talking, Jack. Much as I hate to intrude upon your thoughts, fate sent me out tonight to have an adventure, and you are obviously destined to bring it to me."

Stanfield stood stock still upon the sidewalk and regarded his friend uncertainly. Then he thawed out.

"I do seem inhospitable, old man, don't I?" he said. "But the fact is I'm in a deuce of a fix. I'm going to be married tomorrow."

"Ah, no wonder you're leaving town. Honeymoon—or running away?"

"Come up to my rooms and I'll tell you," Stanfield answered. "I'm in trouble, Dick, and I want a friend—want him badly."

Jocelyn accompanied him and the friends walked on in silence. Presently they stopped at an old-fashioned house on a quiet street leading out to Fifth avenue. It had been built before the day of the elevator; but, once the climb up the dark stairway was concluded, Jocelyn entered a spacious, oak-panelled room that would have shamed many an abode in the new, sumptuous apartment houses that have sprung up of later years in fashionable residential quarters. The floor was just now strewn with personal belongings in the shape of books and articles of attire, while others bulged out of two gaping suitcases.

"Sit down, Dick," said Stanfield, indicating a chair. "There's whisky; help yourself. There are cigarettes. Now hear me, old man, and for the Lord's sake, help me!"

Jocelyn sat down obediently. He listened avidly, for he sensed the fact that his adventure had begun.

"I'm engaged to be married," his friend commenced. "Her name—though that isn't important—is Eileen, Eileen O'Connor, the daughter of the rich lumber merchant who died last winter. You know her?"

"I've heard of her," Lord Jocelyn answered.

"I thought you knew her by the way you pricked up your ears. Well, listen, Dick. We met last year at the seashore. The father took a violent aversion to me; said if ever he allowed Eileen to marry she should have a worker and not a shirker, by which latter term he meant a poor devil like Jack Stanfield who was unfortunate enough to have inherited his money instead of earning it. I told him I was willing to go to work if he'd teach me how, but he turned me down, said he wouldn't employ me as a janitor, and the upshot was, seeing that Eileen stood by me, they sent her away to a sort of finishing school up state, where all the male species are banished from within a radius of a couple of miles. Know those places, Dick?"

Lord Jocelyn groaned in sympathy. "I do," he answered, stretching out a hand, which Stanfield pressed warmly.

"Well, Eileen went, weeping and vowing eternal loyalty and all the proper thing, you know. But she was true to me, and the laundress smuggled through letters for us from time to time.

"Last winter old man O'Connor died very suddenly, and just when I was beginning to slap myself on the back on account of all obstacles being removed—for the mother died some years ago—up there pops a veritable gorgon in the shape of a guardian, whom, by the way, Eileen has never seen. He's the administrator of the estate. I went to plead with him and found one of those flinty, cold-blooded fellows, hard as nails and punctilious as a grandee. He said he had to carry out the father's instructions, which seem to have been that Eileen shouldn't marry until she comes of age in a couple of years' time. Result, stricter supervision, no more letters, and Jack Stanfield down and out, matrimonially speaking. So we arranged to elope, through the medium of an ad. in the personal column of last week's paper.

"Yesterday Eileen's chance came. She flung a few things into a grip and got away on the night train. I was to have met her this morning at the Grand Central station, and we expected to have been married by now and over the state line. But our plans miscarried."

"What happened?" asked Jocelyn sympathetically.

"There was a block on the line and the train won't get in till tonight. Lucky thing, too, in its way, for when I went to meet Eileen I saw the gorgon waiting. He must have got a wire from the school mistress. He has her photograph—I saw it on his mantel when I called on him—and it wouldn't be hard to spot her, for, Dick, you can't imagine how beautiful she is. Her eyes are like twin stars, and her hair's a mass of spun gold, and—"

"Yes, yes, I understand all that," said Jocelyn.

"Well, to continue," said Stanfield, looking at his watch. "I got a wire from Eileen at Utica this afternoon telling me to be on hand about seven o'clock, when the train was due. I got there for the third time today just before meeting you, and they told me the train wouldn't be in till ten, so back I came to see if there were any more telegrams. O, I've had a lively time of it.

"Now, Dick, old man, I want you to stay here while I go off once more, so that in case we miss each other by any possible chance you can stand by. If we miss and she eludes the gorgon she'll make straight for my apartment, and you must meet her and reassure her and see she doesn't get hysterics."

"I'll stand by," said Jocelyn.

"Right, old man," said Stanfield, snatching up his hat. "And if I'm not back by midnight finish packing for me and express my things to the Hotel Richmond, Peterfield, N. J., for, like as not, I won't be back." He thrust a toothbrush and a piece of soap into his packet and, gripping Lord Jocelyn by the hand, bounded off down the staircase.

"The anxious lover!" soliloquized Jocelyn as he watched him disappear down the last flight. "It's an adventure, sure enough, but not one of mine. I'm beginning to think nothing is ever going to happen to me."

He passed along the hall to Stanfield's bedroom, gathered up some of the loose articles of clothing that lay strewn upon the floor and brought them back to pack them. On the way he struck his head with violence against the edge of an open door.

"Confound it," he said, lighting the gas in the hall and looking at the obstruction. The door was that of a large closet, wherein his friend kept his spare suits. He closed the door, and returning to the sitting room, began to fill the suit cases, having completed which operation he began to put the room into some semblance of order. While engaged on this task he heard a ring at the bell.

"Back again," he soliloquized. "Well, if his frame of mind wasn't more settled than when he left I suspect the gorgon got—"

He opened the door.

"The girl!" he concluded, as a strange young woman, in a large hat, and carrying a light suit case, fell into his arms and hung around his neck. The next instant Lord Jocelyn blushed deeply, for he felt two soft lips imprinted on his own.

"Jack—dearest," she murmured; then raised her eyes to his. He saw the pupils dilate; she tore herself out of his arms and shrank back with a cry of fear—more fear, in Jocelyn's estimation, than the circumstances of the case warranted.

"Who are you?" she gasped.

Lord Jocelyn introduced himself with diffidence, but the young lady did not seem to hear. She continued to shrink away from him, until the wall of the passage precluded further removal, and gazed at him in terror; and, as he had deftly interposed himself between her and the stairs, in order to stop her in case she might be tempted to flee, she made a left turn and continued to shrink back and back until they found themselves inside Jack Stanfield's apartment.

"Where's Jack? Where's Mr. Stanfield?" she cried.

Lord Jocelyn laid a hand soothingly upon her shoulder. He was not wholly indifferent to the charm of her appearance; indeed, as he gazed upon her he found himself admitting that Jack had told the truth concerning this; nevertheless it was a very paternal manner that he adopted as he replied:

"Jack will be back soon, my dear young lady. Now compose yourself, I beg, for you distress both of us greatly. I assure you that your parting will not be for long."

"Let me go," she cried, and darted past him. Jocelyn, entirely at a loss to account for this singular behavior, followed her into the hall, for, in her haste, she missed the location of the stairway and came to a halt opposite the large closet.

"Please—please do not be afraid of me," begged Jocelyn. And, as she gazed at him in absolute fear, he began, deftly, as he imagined, to explain the circumstances. Suddenly he broke off. The fair visitor was gazing with a look of utter vacuity, at the opposite wall. What was it she saw? Lord Jocelyn turned to observe what she was staring at.

Instantly he felt himself pushed backward by a pair of singularly muscular hands—a minute later he heard something click, and darkness enveloped him. The young lady had very deftly locked him in the closet.

Exerting all his force, Jocelyn strained against the door. He felt it give; he strained again, and it burst open. He rushed out to the head of the stairs, the perspiration streaming down his brow. If Stanfield should return and find that he had not kept faith with him— He heard the faint swish of her skirts upon the last flight and, hatless, plunged down in pursuit. At all cost he must overtake her and explain the situation to her. As he emerged from the door of the house he saw her getting into a taxicab some fifty yards up the street. She saw him as she stepped in and called to the driver. Jocelyn was too far off to hear her words, but he could infer them from the sudden spurt of the vehicle. It started off in a cloud of dust and began to make a record pace up the road. Just then another taxicab came slowly by. Jocelyn hailed it.

"Follow that cab," he cried to the driver. "Catch it. There's a young lady inside."

The driver grinned and, bending down, remarked in an exasperating way:

"How much, boss?"

"Twenty dollars," cried Jocelyn in desperation.

"I'm wise," answered the driver, and hardly had Jocelyn entered before he was flung back upon the cushions by the speed of the pursuit. Up the road the vehicle raced in pursuit, now sighting the young lady's taxicab, now losing it. Soon it became evident that she was driving in the direction of the Grand Central station and a cry of thankfulness escaped from Jocelyn's lips. If she went there they would meet Jack Stanfield and explanations could ensue.

But why had she shrunk from him in such unsimulated terror? Why had she, in her desperation, locked him into the clothes closet? Even in his anguish Jocelyn found time to ejaculate:

"I knew that I was going to find an adventure."

His calculation had not been an erroneous one. The flying taxicab turned into Forty-second street, dashed swiftly along the crowded way, to the imminent danger of sundry pedestrians, and skimming the curb, came to a halt in front of the station. Lord Jocelyn's vehicle was only twenty yards behind. He sprang out, tossed the money to the driver and darted up the steps in pursuit of the young woman, chased her through the waiting room, and cornered her in front of the baggage room.

Eileen looked at that moment like a hare that turns upon a greyhound.

"You didn't let me explain," panted Lord Jocelyn. "I am Jack's friend. I wanted to guard you."

These unfortunate words seemed to set a climax to her terror.

"Please—please let me go," she sobbed, and suddenly, in desperation, turned to a dignified stranger who had sauntered cooly up and was watching the proceedings with evident amusement.

"Save me from this man," she begged. "I don't know who he is. He followed me here. I—I have an appointment. Don't let him molest me."

Jocelyn cast a swift glance around him. Several travelers were lingering in the vicinity, obviously suspicious. A few words from her and a hostile crowd would gather. Some daring stroke was necessary. At all cost he must keep faith with Jack.

"I am this young lady's guardian, sir," he said to the stranger. "I understand that she has just run away from the school—a very excellent finishing school—in which I placed her, in order to contract a marriage with a worthless scamp. I have followed her to exercise the authority which the law allows me and to plead with her better nature."

"You look very young to be a guardian, sir," replied the stranger, a smile of cynicism spreading over his face.

"Nevertheless, sir, it is true," Jocelyn answered. "And permit me to say, sir, that I am not accustomed to having my statements questioned."

To his complete astonishment Eileen O'Connor here interposed with:

"It's true. He is my guardian. And I won't go back. I won't go back to the finishing school."

Lord Jocelyn had completed his discomfiture. The hasty subterfuge, meant only to enable him to maintain his attitude pending the arrival of his friend, had destroyed his last chance of persuading Eileen. He understood now why she had locked him in the clothes closet; she had mistaken him for the gorgon.

"I cannot doubt your word, sir," said the stranger with a significant smile. "May I ask what you intend to do?"

"I intend to take my ward back to her school by the next train," Lord Jocelyn answered. "Eileen, it is futile to make any further resistence."

She looked around piteously. "O Jack, why didn't you come!" she cried. And from behind the crowd which had collected an unexpected rejoinder came.

"I'm here," bellowed a masculine voice, and Jack Stanfield, wild-eyed and furious, thrust himself forward and placed himself squarely between Lord Jocelyn and Eileen.

"So this is how you keep faith with me, is it?" he sheered. "I wasn't quite so blind as you thought me to be. I saw the guilty look on your face when I asked you whether you knew Miss O'Connor, but I didn't think that you were capable of quite such a dastardly trick as this."

"What have I done, Jack?" cried his friend.

"What have you done?" re-echoed Jack Stanfield, thrusting his face within six inches of his erstwhile friend's. "You want to know that, do you? You have tried to induce my fiancee to elope with you, you miserable cur. And I am going to thrash you within an inch of your life for it."

"O Jack, Jack, are you quite lost to all sense of the ridiculous?" murmured Lord Jocelyn.

The dignified stranger, seeing that hostilities were imminent, now interposed to keep the peace.

"One moment, gentlemen," he said. "There seems to be some trivial misunderstanding here. What is your grievance, friend?"

"Grievance?" cried Stanfield, still keeping his eyes menacingly upon Jocelyn. "This young lady is engaged to marry me. I was to have met her at the station this evening, but, owing to a mistake, she came on to meet me at my house, where I had left this fellow to guard against just such an occurrence. And how does he take advantage of my confidence? By running away with her! And he would have succeeded had not the sight of these surroundings awakened remorse in her."

"Your name," said the stranger, "is Mr. John Stanfield, I believe."

"Well, what of that?" cried Stanfield, spinning round on him. Next moment he recoiled in astonishment. His arms dropped to his sides.

"The guardian!" he ejaculated.

"Exactly," replied the stranger. "I am, or was, the guardian of this lady. And now, sir," he continued, addressing himself to Jocelyn, "will you kindly explain to me, since I cannot doubt your word, how you come to be this young lady's guardian also?"

"I am guarding her from you," Lord Jocelyn muttered.

The guardian smiled.

"Suppose that we adjourn to some place where we can talk this matter over quietly," he said. "My name is Bayliss, and, outside my official duties, I am generally considered a good enough fellow. I am sure Mrs. Bayliss will be happy to offer Miss O'Connor shelter for the night."

"But we were to get married tonight," exclaimed Jack Stanfield helplessly.

"You've got your license, of course," said the guardian grimly.

Stanfield's mouth opened. "I never thought of it," he muttered.

"Then tomorrow will be early enough," said Mr. Bayliss. "And if you can impress me with the same degree of confidence that you have obtained from my ward, it is possible—I said possible, mind you—that I may rescind the adverse decision that I gave you when you solicited her hand from me recently, for I see that I have to deal with two very determined young people."

As they turned to go Stanfield grasped Lord Jocelyn's hand, and with a world of repentance shining in his eyes, started to speak.

"Don't say anything, old chap; it isn't necessary," said Jocelyn, anticipating him. Thereupon the hand clasp of the two friends tightened for an instant. Then, arm in arm, they followed the other two out of the station.

Lord Jocelyn found his servant waiting up for him when he returned home at three o'clock on the following morning.

"Talbot," he said, "I've had my adventure."

"Ah, sir," said Talbot, "there's nothing like a bit of a stroll when a gentleman feels bored. Your slippers, sir?"

STRANGEST OF SEA ESCAPES

When the old Bangor schooner Hannah F. Carleton went to the bottom of Vineyard sound a week or two ago Davy Jones claimed the coaster that was famed all along shore as having been the victim of such a collision as never occurred before or since. There was one chance in a million for the Hannah F. Carleton in that famous crash, and chance favored the schooner.

They were telling about the Hannah F. Carleton's remarkable experience, the mariners assembled round the fire in Mulvany's sail loft the other day. She was a two master of 189 tons, built at Pembroke in 1884 and at the time of her strange experience hailing from Jonesport. She had been to New York with lumber and on her return trip east was passing in by Cape Cod on a clear moonlight night, coal laden for Boston. Captain Falkingham was on the quarter, and he first espied a steamer coming up astern, but at first paid no attention to her, everything being clear for miles around. Captain Falkingham, however, glanced astern every little while and presently became nervous, for the steamer was coming right for the Carleton, and without altering her course would hit the schooner fair in the stern in a few minutes.

When the steamer got up a little closer, Captain Falkingham began to shout to her people, telling them to keep away. The men in the steamer's pilot house were plainly visible, as was also the bow lookout, but they seemed not to see the schooner. Captain Falkingham's shouting awoke all hands on the schooner, and the men came tumbling on deck. They all joined in the shouting, but to no purpose. The steamer came right on and struck the schooner's main boom fairly on end. The schooner was on the wind, with sheets flat, so that the boom hung very nearly fore and aft, and the force of the blow from the steamer's step was transmitted to the mainmast, which was broken off short at the jaws of the boom, letting the stick down on the deck with a fearful thump. The heels of the broken mast wore a big hole in the deck and there the stick rested, swaying athwartships in the slack rigging and prevented from going over the stern only by the springstay.

The crew of the Carleton made a rush for the boat at the stern davits, but Captain Falkingham, seeing that they intended to desert her, seized an ax and chopped a hole in the boat, so that she would not float. That stopped the panic, and the men turned to and helped in patching up the hole in the deck with a tarpaulin, for the sea was making over her, she being decks to with coal, and with such a gap open she would soon have filled.

The steamer, after backing away, came close up and asked if assistance was wanted. Captain Falkingham said that he would like a tow to Boston, and the steamer sent him a line. The line to which the steamer belonged settled for the damage, and at Boston the Hannah F. Carleton got a new mainmast and boom and had her deck patched up. Had the steamer struck her in any other place the schooner would have gone to the bottom like a shot. The end of the boom was about ten inches in diameter, and, as an old coaster captain remarked, "they don't often shoot as close as that."

The queer accidents that have happened to Maine vessels would fill a volume, and some of them would not be believed. An old coaster captain who had listened to the story of the Hannah F. Carleton recalled the mysterious wreck of the little schooner Active in Fox island thoroughfare some years ago. It was in the fall of that year and the Active was going through the narrow passages between the islands. She carried but two men, the master, Captain Ray, and his sixteen-year-old son. When last seen under sail the Active was shipshape, the boy at the wheel and his father below taking a nap, as it was afterward found. Next day the Active was found on the rocks, with her stern stove in, the master drowned in his bunk and the boy dead at the wheel with a bullet hole in his head.

This discovery caused a great sensation, and as there appeared to be motive for any one to kill the boy and as it was known that the shot must have been fired by a third person the whole affair was a mystery and remained thus for year, when a man in a distant state confessed on his deathbed that it was he who fired the shot that killed the helmsman of the Active.

The man said that he had fired at a hawk which was circling low and did not see the schooner, which suddenly came into range, owing to an intervening clump of bushes. Then he was horrified to see the boy at the schooner's wheel throw up his hands and fall to the deck, while the vessel broached to and was driven ashore by the wind and tide. The gunner, who was after gulls and ducks, fled without waiting to investigate the result of his unfortunate shot, fearing that if her reported the matter to the authorities he might, although innocent of any criminal intent, be imprisoned.—New York Sun.

Poor Boy!

"Love doesn't know a dollar mark from a doughnut," says a woman writer in a fine poetical outburst.

Well, from the doughnut point of view we are mighty sorry for the blind boy.

Strugglers

By Catharine Coope

Joyce returned from the telephone excitement, dismay, bubbling enthusiasm all struggling in her piquant face

The art editor of the Comet had called up to tell her that her illustrations for John Temple's story must be at the office at ten o'clock the next morning.

It was then that dismay cast all other thoughts from Joyce's mind She had no model and the work must be commenced without a moment's delay. Joyce felt that her career as an illustrator was hanging in the balance Artists who could not meet the hasty requirements of editors were not going to get a second chance with the big magazines.

Joyce cast a glance about her meager furniture and realized that ambition was not her only inspiration. If she forfeited the check from the Comet she would also have to forfeit lunches in the middle of the day Joyce was strong and healthy and she sighed at the prospect of lunchless days

A model must be found! Joyce went to the window and stood gazing out at the passers by Perhaps a tramp or a sandwich man might come along Either might prove her immediate salvation

The tinkle of a bell sounded in the distance Joyce craned her head far out of the window.

"A sandwich man!" Joyce drew in her head hastily and without stopping to smooth her riotous hair or to remove her big apron she sped down the stairs

She stopped after her breathless descent and watched the approach of the sandwich man Her heart quaked in momentary fear when she saw the head above the sign board Fierce whiskers seemed to bristle from the entire face and the rakish slouch hat gave him all the appearance of a cave dweller of old

Joyce braved herself. She must have a male model be he an Apollo or a Cyclops She gave herself a moment's respite while she read the

Fierce whiskers seemed to bristle from the entire face

advertisement on the sign board She took extra courage The sign bore the name of John Temple beneath the name of his book Somehow Joyce felt a certain friendliness toward the man who was carrying about an advertisement for the man whose story she was about to illustrate

She felt still less fear when, upon approaching the sandwich man she found that his eyes were clear and frank and that the whiskers were of the Santa Claus variety

"I will give you two dollars if you will come and pose for me," Joyce told the man

He looked up at her standing there on the curbstone her long pinafore apron blowing about in the wind and her face eager and wistful Even a sandwich man had an eye for beauty

Joyce attributed the doubt in the man's eyes to hesitancy about stealing time from his employer

'You will be doing John Temple more good by posing for me than you will by carrying that signboard about she said by way of gaining her point 'It is one of his short stories that I have to illustrate"

The sandwich man's eyes were curiously interested A moment later he motioned her to lead the way

Within the door of her studio Joyce turned toward her model a trifle exasperated at the man's silence.

'Can't you speak?"

The man shook his head and Joyce regretted her tone

'Will you please remove that awful beard?' She spoke more softly

It seemed to Joyce that the man followed her command reluctantly. When the gray beard and shock of straggling hair were removed he stood revealed, a man of startling physical beauty.

Joyce caught her breath

"You could make a fortune—as a model, she said in quick appreciation She went swiftly to the slender wardrobe that she kept for her models and brought forth an evening suit She glanced hastily at the man's well knit and generous frame "You must try to get into these" She laughed with a tinge of doubtfulness

When the man returned from the dressing room Joyce laughed in sheer delight at her luck. Here's a model to inspire the most sluggish mentality.

Fortunately for Joyce the only other figure in her illustration was that of a girl painting desperately at her easel She had felt very like the great Rembrandts and Van Dykes of history when she had used herself as a model It had saved her purse considerably and Joyce felt proud of her achievement She was amused in a half resentful way at the smile of satisfaction that swept her model's face when his eyes traveled from the big canvas to her own face

"You must try to express surprise, anger and resentment all at once," she said a trifle coldly "You, as the hero in John Temple's story have arrived to fulfill an engagement for the opera with your sweetheart and have come in to find her oblivious to anything save her painting" Joyce signified her model platform and turned toward her paints

"I will need more lamp black," the sandwich man heard her mutter Then she turned to him. "I will be back in a moment"

She was gone and the man in the evening clothes moved toward the easel The smile of satisfaction lit up his eyes again

"What a strange coincidence," he said, half aloud and had scarcely turned from the big wash drawing before Joyce came swiftly back

"Now we are ready for work!" she cried happily, with the light of inspiration radiating from her

Then began the completion of the splendid drawing for John Temple's story So good was the piece of work that Joyce Randolf's name was soon in many of the magazines For two years the sandwich man posed silently for the rising artist and if Joyce knew that her contentment when he was near meant more than the artist's joy in her work she kept her secret well in hand The dumb appeal in her model's eyes had begun to haunt her waking and sleeping

She illustrated stories of John Temple's His name, too, was in all the magazines and Joyce wondered when she would have the pleasure of meeting him He had written to thank her for her splendid work that was as far as their relationship went

Joyce picked up an uncut magazine and idly ran her knife through it A picture among the advertised new books attracted her languid eye Joyce sat up and stared at the man's face It was a photograph of the author John Temple and the face was that of her model—her sandwich man

Joyce felt as if a white heat had come from her feet upward and enveloped her entire being

The knocker on the door sounded Joyce realized in a half dazed way that it was time for her model She cast an involuntary glance at the pad and pencil that she kept for the dumb man's convenience She smiled grimly; he would have much to write now in explanation

He came into the studio and there was something new in his bearing a new determination

Joyce started to rise from her chair But sank back when she found herself trembling

'I love you, Joyce" John Temple said and laughed There—those are the words I wanted first to say to you Forever was dumb and I had to advertise my own book because I didn't have any money two years ago for railroads and now—well—I have everything I want except you' He laughed again, but unsteadily, and drew nearer to Joyce She had only looked up at him, powerless to look now that the great moment had come Don't tell me you are angry—I was only a struggling author and had to advertise my name I think I have loved you since the moment you stood on the curb and asked me to pose"

"I wanted you very much," Joyce said in such a way as to find herself in John Temple's arms

What Did It Profit Her?

At the Fulton street station of the subway the other day a young woman was leading a boy scarce big enough to be out of arms down the narrow stairs in such a way that her slow progress held up a score of people who were following her

'Let the people get by ' suggested the young woman's mother

"Let em wait, snapped back the other

But he can walk closer to you, argued the older woman, timidly

'He'll walk where he chooses,' was the retort

So the inrushing tide of fares was delayed until the little boy reached the bottom step, but his mother did not look happy

'If the kid walks where he chooses through life, regardless of the rights of others,' remarked an old man, 'he may make that mother very unhappy, and the state may have to restrain his steps —New York Daily Mail.

Redeeming Mutilated Money.

Replying to a correspondent's question the Richmond Times Dispatch says that it believes that 'half of a United States treasury note would not be good" Unless the treasury department has changed its rules recently Major Hemphill's paper is wrong A member of the Tribune staff who received one-half of a dollar bill sent it along to Uncle Sam's money men and received in return a bright new 50-cent piece So long as the number of the bill is preserved the government stands ready to make good —New York Tribune

First Copper Bottomed Ships.

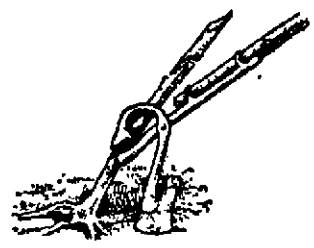
[illegible] copper bottomed"

Horticulture

GRUBBING TOOL FOUND HANDY

Implement Made From Metal Taken From Claw of an Old Double Shovel Cultivator.

Herewith is a sketch of a handy grub puller that I made, says a writer in the Farm and Home It will pull up bushes about 1½ inches in diameter. The implement was made from a piece of metal that was taken from the claw of an old double shovel cultivator The blacksmith bent this a little more and attached a foot to it, where it was to rest upon the ground. The foot was made of a piece



A Handy Grubbing Tool.

of 2x4 At the curved end the iron was bent and shaped so as to grip the tree or bush Another piece of iron with the same sort of groove in it was hinged to the curved piece as shown, and a wooden handle made for this I have used this tool every spring for three years and have never seen a better one

FOR THE LOVER OF FLOWERS

Sweet Peas, to Secure Best Results, Should Be Planted Early In Trenches Six Inches Deep.

(By JOSEPHINE DE MAR.)

Plant the sweet peas early in trenches fully six inches deep, covering but lightly at first, drawing the soil around the plants as they reach up

This will give better roots by which to withstand the dry heat bye and bye Plant as soon as possible

Root room in fair soil is all the beautiful white day lily asks It is perfectly hardy, likes moist situations, but will do with little water A plant for the busy housewife

Chrysanthemums may be raised from seeds, or from cuttings and sprouts from old roots If the seeds are sown early in boxes and transplanted the plants will bloom the first year There may be many poor ones from seed.

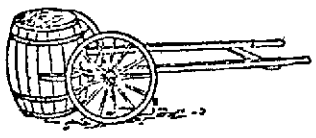
Do not forget the hardy everblooming roses when ordering Include some hardy flowering vines for screens for the porches, back fences, and summer arbors Prairie rose evergreen honeysuckles, woodbines clematis in variety wisterias bitter sweet, trumpet vine and the harmless wood vines are all fine

BARREL CART QUITE USEFUL

One Shown in the Illustration May Be Arranged to Fit Receptacles of Different Sizes.

(By J. C. ALLSHOUSE in the Farm and Fireside.)

Commonly arranged a hand-cart for transporting a single barrel requires barrel to be ironed or otherwise fitted up, and the cart cannot be used with any other barrel The cart illustrated may be used with any barrel Procure a stout piece of 3x3 inch wood, a little longer than greatest diameter of an ordinary barrel, round down the ends and put on iron ferrules to fit in wheels of an old hand-cart as an axle Or, instead of rounding ends, leave square, and attach the old iron axle of a cart by staples or clips Procure two long pieces of wood as light as consistent with strength and rigidity, taper them down at one end to be convenient for hands, and at large ends of these handles bolt firmly on each a piece of heavy wagon tire curved slightly to fit sides of barrel



Handy Barrel Cart.

About one foot from handle ends bolt a 2x1 inch crosspiece on under side to serve as a brace, bolt solid at one end, and at other end make several holes an inch or so apart, so that the bolt can be put in whichever hole will hold handles the right distance apart to conform to size of barrel.

Best Insecticide.

Arsenate of lead is the best insecticide for those insects which eat the foliage and fruit It is useless for controlling such insects as those which suck the juices of the plants It may be added to Bordeaux or lime-sulphur, using it at the rate of 1 to 5 pounds per 50 gallons It comes in paste form and should not be allowed to dry out Mix it to a consistency of a thin paint so as to avoid lumps, before putting in the spray tank.

GOOD THINGS TO REMEMBER

When Planting Trees Select Best Suited for Purpose Wanted—Frequent Pruning Needed.

(By R. G WEATHERSTONE.)

Too large a tree should be avoided. Select the tree best suited for your purpose, be that shade, ornamental, fruit, production of lumber, wind break or fence post.

Bear in mind that the tree you plant, if of proper species, may be a shelter and pride of future generations, or if wrongly selected it may last but a decade.

The one advantage, that of rapid growth, should not decide what tree to plant. Innumerable insects, fungoid diseases and the necessity for frequent pruning, besides a brief period of existence, may characterize the tree of your choice, and it should be discarded

Where there is slight opportunity for frequent watering, tree species demanding large quantities of water should be discarded. They will be disappointing

Elms, cottonwood and swamp maples are among the class requiring much water

The oak, ash, sugar maple, Norway maple, walnut, catalpa, etc., succeed with a moderate quantity of moisture.

Good roots in ample quantity are of vital importance to the tree's successful growth. In digging spare not the labor, but secure all the roots possible without mutilation.

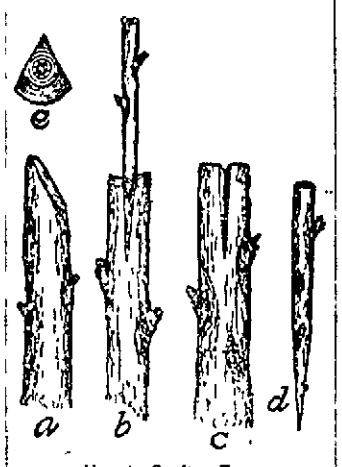
The top of a tree should not be mutilated Cutting off the leading shoots is extremely bad practice, only to be tolerated with cottonwood and soft (swamp) maples.

TOP-WORKING THE SEEDLINGS

Worthless Fruit Trees May Be Changed to Those of Value by Operation —System Illustrated.

(By J. W. GRIFFIN.)

Trees bearing worthless fruit may be changed to those of value by top-working to such varieties that are preferred Secure scions before growth starts, from thrifty trees of the variety wanted and keep them moist in a cool



How to Graft a Tree.

place until ready to set The first year remove but a part of the top, say one-third or a half, and set the scions even by over this 25 or 30 in the half of a tree seven or eight years old The following year repeat the performance with the remaining half of the tree

The system illustrated has given good results a is the stock, b, stock with scion set, c stock ready for scion, d, scion ready to set, and e, shape of scion at the wedge end The stubs should be four to six inches long Do not set scion out near the end of the limbs but always near the body of the tree

The cut is made in the stock with a sharp saw, then shaped with a knife The scion should be driven lightly in place and then waxed Grafting wax may be secured from dealers in garden seed or may be prepared at home of one pound tallow, two pounds bees wax and four pounds rosin Melt all together, pour in a kettle of cold water and work with greased hands until stiff and easy to handle

HORTICULTURAL NOTES

Prune the rose bushes You want blossoms, not wood or leaves

Prune off all dead or weak branches Thin out the tops to let the sun in.

Keep the orchard land in good tilth The trees can be set as soon as the leaves fall

Frequent applications of manure water during the summer will keep the plants blooming

in planting young trees they should be set about an inch deeper than they were in the nursery

Tobacco stems strewn on the ground at the base of rose plants will help to keep away insects

Nasturtiums and morning, glories should be planted wherever there is anything to train them on.

Just as soon as frost is out and the ground dry enough it will be time to set out the strawberry plants

The ground for strawberries must be dug over very deeply and as early in the spring as it can be worked

One of the most common mistakes made in orchard planting is that of setting the trees too close together.

Plant a cover crop in the orchard. Rye, barley, wheat and oats are good nonleguminous plants, but the legumes are better

The old neglected orchard with its dead trees and wormy apples is a blot on the face of the earth Trim, spray cultivate and get big returns.

Losing the Social Instinct

"My dear,' said young Mrs. Allison, peeling off her gloves and flinging them down with a snap, "you did well when you renounced the frivolities of life."

"When I—er—what?" gasped the matron with auburn hair, as she dropped an extra lump of sugar into her caller's tea and set the cup down hurriedly.

"Well, why not?" inquired young Mrs. Allison "That will do, dear. I take only two lumps, not the whole bowlful."

"Explain yourself, Celeste!" demanded the young matron with auburn hair, severely. "Has any one been saying that I am getting fat and stolid or is this your inimitable way of criticising my winter wardrobe?"

Young Mrs Allison smiled inscrutably.

"Celeste," said her hostess again, sharply, "if you weren't my best friend I should call that a positive grin"

Young Mrs. Allison continued to grin, happily. "Well, she said, after selecting the thinnest sandwich on the tray and biting into it with caution, "to begin with, you've moved to a suburb, haven't you?"

"Um-mm; is that all?"

"No, but that's one thing."

"Very well; what next?"

"And you've stopped wearing false hair."

"Why, yes, so I have," admitted the hostess, tranquilly. "I got tired of the messy stuff, and when I happened to think it over I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't let my hair stand on its own merits"

"Exactly,' agreed young Mrs Allison. "Thirdly, you've dropped the bridge club!"

The matron with auburn hair sighed "I had to,' she explained 'And," she added, with a sudden burst of confidence, "you've no idea, dearest, what a relief it is For two years, once a week, I've hooked myself into my best clothes and sat all of a pleasant sunny afternoon in some one's stuffy drawing room gambling for, let us say a green sunshade that would make me look, if I won it, like a horse show poster I have partaken enthusiastically of slimpike ice creams and oily salads forty five minutes before dinner hour ' She paused for breath and smiled suddenly upon her caller "Instead of all that," she concluded, "I now repose in this easy chair with a book and a box of chocolates, which achieve the same effect upon my appetite, but are less strenuous"

"Non-sense,' said young Mrs Allison You're losing the social instinct, that's all! All suburbanites do that, as I remarked to begin with, you have adopted the wise course

She frowned thoughtfully, while her hostess waited in silence

Well' Her hostess demanded, finally.

It is very tragic,' said young Mrs Allison 'You know my Aunt Elvira.'

The matron with auburn hair nodded 'The poor woman who was so ill at your house last summer," she said.

Poor nothing," contradicted young Mrs. Allison, sternly. 'There's nothing the matter with Aunt Elvira but imaginary diseases She's so crabbed that her own children won't live with her and she's so rich that her other relatives have to She takes a private car down to Florida every winter and I had thought that Fred and I could make rather pleasant use of an invitation to go with her this year, because Fred didn't get any vacation in the summer

Well, my love, last week Saturday I positively dragged Fred home from the office to go out to the Country club with me in the afternoon I felt that my system demanded the diversion and I didn't want to go alone It was a horrid, chilly trip and our supper out there was miserable When we got home it said the message written on Aunt Elvira's visiting card that met me in the hand of the maid

"'Dear Celeste—I'm sorry you couldn't take time from your pursuit of pleasure to comfort my tired and travel stained self I'm going over to Cousin Emma's Respectfully, A E'"

The matron with auburn hair gasped 'But did you know she was coming?' she asked

"Oh, no," said young Mrs Allison composedly, "not having a sixth sense for her arrivals in town It's just one of her little eccentricities, that's all! Cousin Emma goes to Florida on Thursday,' she added sadly

"Well, of all things!" cried the matron with auburn hair, sympathetically "After you and Fred had it all planned'"

"We-l-l," admitted young Mrs Allison, slowly, "as a matter of fact, Fred hadn't planned exactly. He seemed positively to enjoy the situation He said he had a picture of himself going, anyway And he added that he'd rather pound rocks than to go anywhere with Aunt Elvira Good by, dear; I'm going to join your easy chair brigade and do my hair flat in the back"

Logical Progress

'The new clerk went like a breeze" 'I guess told the backer had to send

KING'S WAR ROBE ON VIEW

At the Museum in New York City You May See the Feathers Kamehameha III. Wore.

As an example of the past royalty of Hawaiian kings, a remarkable feathered war robe, once the property of Kamehameha III., and said to be the equal in value of diamond ornaments in several of the European regalia, is displayed in the hall of South Sea Islands at the American Museum of Natural History. This emblem of Hawaiian royalty was presented by the king of the islands to Commodore Lawrence Kearney, U. S. N., in 1842. It is a war cape with a history and, according to Dr Brigham, an authority on Hawaiian feather work, a similar cloak, completed in the reign of one of the kings of the islands, was in process of fabrication through eight previous eras.

The Kamehameha royal cape is made of innumerable feathers of the Iiwi and Oo birds, which were hunted in the ravines and wooded slopes of the mountains of Hawaii for the decoration of these robes of rank. The royal cape, which is crescent-shape, consists entirely of small red and yellow feathers, which are interwoven upon a fiber network made from the bark of the Olona plant. Contrary to the custom of the Peruvians, who first made the feathers fast to a cord and then knotted the cord to a cloth, the Hawaiians attached the feathers separately to the netting.

Although a fortune in labor is represented, the feathered war robe only weighs six pounds It was presented to the museum by George S Bowdoin, and is mounted flat between two plates of glass, as is another specimen, which is said to have been used by a former owner as a sleigh robe, in ignorance of its great value

Among the noted collections containing specimens of this craft are those at Windsor castle, which includes examples given by Queen Victoria, and Lord Brassy's, whose trophies includes a rope brought to England by Captain Cook. In the archives of the Hawaiian islands a history of each cloak made has been inscribed The capes are sometimes worn at ceremonials in the islands to denote the rank of the wearer.

The Ideal Kitchen.

Let your pocketbook save your strength and time by investing in every practical labor saving device. Have a bread mixer, a cake-mixer, a combination cream, egg, and mayonnaise beater, a meat grinder, etc Do not scorn the washing machine, and test both the gas and electric irons. They save numberless steps and much heat —Harper's Bazar

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PERSONAL MENTION.

Sheriff Bain was a Kane visitor Friday.

J. M. Hilton of Bradford was a visitor in town yesterday.

Miss Emogene McGowan was a Norwich visitor Saturday.

Miss Anna Smith of Port Allegany is the guest of friends in twn.

R. J. Gates of Mt. Alton was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

Miss Sophia Hafner of Clermont was a Smethport visitor this week.

Mrs. Clara Stuart of Kane is visiting at the home of James McGowan.

Chas. Taylor of Turtle Point was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

James Bloomster of Crosby was a pleasant caller at this office yesterday.

Mrs. John Haley of DeGolia was a Smethport visitor the first of this week.

T. J. Melvin of Bradford had business in town the fore part of the week.

A. O. Anderson of Duluth, Minn., was a visitor in town the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Walker and Mrs. Claude Shattuck were Kane visitors Saturday.

E. A. Hamilton, Claude Lyons and William Colegrove were Bradford visitors Friday.

Miss Lena Young was the guest of her sister, Miss Ella Young, at Buffalo over Sunday.

C. S. King and Gordon Studholme of Port Allegany were visitors in town yesterday.

William Covely is at Johnsonburg to attend the funeral of his son, the late George Covely.

Shiel B. Sawyer of Galeton, Pa., was visiting friends and relatives in town the first of the week.

Mrs. A. L. Davis of Bridgeport, Ill., was called here by the death of her father, the late Henry Biever.

John Higgins of Essex county, Ontario, is visiting at the home of his niece, Mrs. James A. McKean.

Mrs. Albert Powell and child of Adamston, W. Va., is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Norman.

Wm. Hubbard of Kane, has been the guest of Hon. and Mrs. James A. McKean for a few days this week.

Miss Anna McGowan returned home Saturday from a week's visit with Miss Pansy Armstrong at Norwich.

Miss Inza Sherburne who has been a student at Mechanics Institute in Rochester, N. Y., has arrived home.

J. A. Holder was a guest at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Gordon Studholme, at Port Allegany over Sunday.

County Superintendent C. W. Lillibridge was in Eldred Monday and Tuesday conducting teachers' examinations.

Mrs. E. M. Cheeseman who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. T. F. Williams at Butler, Pa., arrived home Saturday.

Edwin Bouton has returned from Jamestown, N. Y., where he has been the guest of his uncle, Dr. Henry A. Eastman.

Mrs. Mabee of Troy, N. Y., and Mrs. Compton of Saratoga Springs, N. Y., are guests of Mrs. Scott F. Redfield.

Miss Theo Freeman and Miss Alberta Cory were in Eldred the first of this week to take the teachers' examinations.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Jones left yesterday morning for Johnsonburg to attend the funeral of Mrs. Jones' brother George Covely.

Mrs. Lewis Marks and daughter, Emma, left Tuesday for Erie, Pa., where they will be the guests of Mrs. A. W. Mitchell.

John Covely has been at Ridgway and Johnsonburg this week called there by the illness and death of his brother, George.

Louis Geisert, machine inspector of the Mergenthaler Linotype Co. of New York city, was a caller at this office on Monday.

Frank and John McCarthy accompanid their sister, Mrs. John Voorhees, to Kane, Friday, where she is a patient at the hospital.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Younglove returned to their home at Norwich Friday, he being much improved in health after his recent accident.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Raymer and child of Galeton, Pa., were called here Friday on account of the illness of the former's mother, Mrs. N. D. Raymer.

Mrs. Alfred Powell and child of Adamston, W. Va., arrived in town Tuesday, called here by the death of Mrs. Powell's father, the late Henry Biever.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Harrison and Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Gamble of Groveland, N. Y., were guests of Rev. and Mrs. J. W. McGavern a few days last week.

Mrs. L. K. Hogarth and daughter, Miss Leona, are spending the week at State College. Mrs. Hogarth is chaperon for a house party given by the fraternity of which Donald Hogarth is a member.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hartmeyer of Buffalo and Mrs. L. J. Weide of Springville, N. Y., returned to their homes Monday after spending a few days with relatives and friends in this place.

DR. H. E. WHEELER

The eye specialist, will be at the Wright House, next Tuesday and Wednesday, June 18 and 19. Free examination.

TRAVELS OF AN OLD-TIMER.

Capt. G. E. Diamond, Aged 116 Years, Going From San Francisco to St. Louis.

A San Francisco special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, dated June 8, says: The memory of old St. Louis, when the water front was the starting point for the steamboat races down the Mississippi to New Orleans, and the city was the Mecca of the sleek, suave gamblers, who furnished the principal entertainment for the passengers from the North into the cotton belt, has wrought strange havoc with the peace of mind of Capt. George E. Diamond, whilom freebooter, blackbrider, skipper and veteran of the war of 1812, now rounding out a life in which 116 years already have mounted up. Capt. Diamond, still as hearty as a youngster of 75 or 80, has come to realize, within the last few years, that it can not be so very long before he will have to sign up for one last voyage, with an unknown sea, and a strange port before him; but before he pulls up anchor for that last cruise, he is going to fill in his life log with a trip to St. Louis, that he may stand again on the water front there and look down the river toward Memphis and the gulf.

The captain is an inmate here of a city home for old people. He pays his way from a" bit of a nest egg" kept in the bank, and he says "if he's got a crazy notion to walk again on his old stomping grunds it's nobody's business but his own." His physician is sure the journey can be safely made, if the captain is careful, and a close friend of his declining years, Capt. Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, arctic explorer and archaeologist, has promised to go with him and see that he does not get into mischief. The trip is to begin June 18, and from St. Louis the aged traveler will return to San Francisco to "settle down" he says, and "be sensible."

It has been more than twenty-two years since the captain was outside of San Francisco, except for the flight across the bay into Oakland during the days that succeeded the earthquake, in 1906. During that time his days have been given over to a daily walk of almost three miles down to the beach and back, a pipe or two, and a sun bath in an old wicker chair on the lawn back of the home; and memories. The captain has so many things to remember that, he says, "I'm afraid I ain't got room in my head to put 'em all. I kinda keep forgettin' lots of things these days, and it worries me some times, 'cause when I take my last sail I shouldn't wonder if the skipper up yonder would want to know somethin' about me, and, maybe, I couldn't give a very good account o' myself." The steamboating days in St. Louis, however, before the war, and the days when he helped roll logs into the Ohio and set them drifting toward the Mississippi, are vivid remembrances in the captain's mind. There's a wistful note creeps into his voice as he talks of them and explains his anticipation of the trip he is about to make.

"You see," he says, "I've done some things in my life I try to forget, nowadays, and there's some I wouldn't forget if I could. When I come out of the war of 1812, with what I thought was a plenty of life on the seas, I drifted down the Ohio to Marietta, just a log settlement then. I was just a young man then, and them was great days with me. I carried mail for the government and rolled logs into the river. I used to wonder then, for I was just a boy, you know, where them logs all went to. It was a good many years after, I don't know how many, that I went the way the logs had gone, and landed in St. Louis. I was a full-fledged sailor then, with some experiences I didn't say nothin' about when I applied after a while for a pilot's license. Them was fine days, and I kinda liked the port I hove into after every trip down the creek.

"I spent a good many years there, and I saw lots o' changes 'long the water front. There wasn't any bridges them days, and I never saw any o' them that I hear's there now. I've been aching for a good many years now to go back and see the town again before I die. Guess it's nothing like it used to be, but there seems to be somethin' beckoning-to-me and I ain't going to wait no longer. I'm goin' while I've got my health. I won't be able to walk around much, 'cause the hard pavements kinda make my feet hard sometimes, but I'll get around somehow, and then I'll come back satisfied."

Those experiences the captain didn't tell when he got his pilot's licenses had much to do with a certain brig which sailed from the Carolinas to the west coast of Africa and came back crowded full of negroes destined to be the cause, later on, of the war with the North. The captain explains that he had gone to sea in the brig as mate and that the crew mutinied, throwing the skipper out to sea and ordered him to mark on the chart a course for the "blackbird" fields. He complied, he says, to save his soul from Davy Jones, and, somehow, he got interested in the game. He tells some surprising things about the missionaries of those days, who herded the negroes into pens, where they kept them until the "blackbirding" boats sailed in. The missionaries then sold the blacks to the boat captains and the vessels brought them back to the Carolinas, where the cargo brought from $100 to $500 a head.

"I feel sorry for those big black fellows now," the captain says, "and I hope the Big Skipper won't hold 'am up against me. But it seemed to be perfectly legitimate them days, and I took the missionaries' word for it that God was willin'."

On one of these trips the crew mutinied again and ran up the black flag. The captain had to submit or be thrown overboard, so he became a freebooter. He "had no notion at all for pirating," however, and escaped as soon as he had an opportunity to desert the ship. When the Civil war broke out the captain enlisted, and, in after years, he fought the Indians in Wyoming. In 1848 he found his way into Kansas City, Mo., and from there, in 1849, he answered the call of California which swept across the country on the wave of gold fever. He walked across the plains and was in the lead of the prospecting legion that raked the state to garner both fortunes and despair.

A memory of Kansas City, too, has much to do with the captain's journey back to his old stomping grounds. There is a "sweetheart of the past" there, a young woman of 93, who sent the fortune hunter away with his prospecting kit with the words, "I will wait for you." The captain never went back, and a sort of inscrutable telepathy has been pleading with him to go back to Kansas City, too, and tell the "girl" he left behind that she needn't wait any longer for him. She's married now, he says, "but surely there ain't no husband as would make a fuss about an old codger like me talking over old times with his wife. I'm just going to drop in on her, like, and say hello. She'll be glad to see me, I bet, 'cause she must think I died a long time ago.

"I've often wished I'd gone back like I promised, but, somehow I just kept puttin' it off. Her name them days was Marie La Tour; I called her Mary and she called me George. I was 53 and she was 30. That's pretty near the last time anyone called me George, you know, and I'd kinda like to hear her say it again. Maybe she's dead, now; but I don't think so, 'cause she had just about the same ideas of how to live long that I did. I met a man about thirty years ago who knew her. He said she's married and was living healthy with grandchildren. But she might be waitin' for me, anyhow, just to come along, and tell her how I got along huntin' gold."

When the old captain, who was born in Plymouth, Mass., in 1796, summons his fondest memories for review by those he takes with him into reminiscent journeys through the past, his eyes seem to look away, beyond the horizon, and a strange light comes to play through their lambent shadows. Those lights come when he speaks of this Mary, and he dismisses the subject with: "Maybe she'd like to know, before she dies, that I never married any other woman."

Capt. Diamond and his friend plan to remain a week in Kansas City and a week in St. Louis. They will start the first week in June. When he returns, the captain says, he will be ready any time to "sail through the Golden Gate here and cross to the Golden Gate on the other side."

Coffee for Caramel Frosting.

When making a caramel frosting coffee is sometimes used instead of water. It imparts a unique flavor. Brown two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar, and when a reddish brown, but not burned, add three tablespoonfuls of boiling hot coffee. The coffee should be very hot, or the caramel will turn to candy. Never pour any cold or lukewarm liquid over browning sugar in a pan. When the boiling hot coffee has dissolved the caramel, pour the mixture into powdered sugar and stir it constantly to a smooth paste such as would be easily spread over a cake without "running."

Curried Eggs.

Fry two sliced onions in butter to a golden brown, add one pint of good stock and one tablespoonful of curry powder and stew the onions tender. Then add one cupful of cream, thicken with arrowroot or rice flour and let simmer a few minutes. Cut eight or ten hot, hard-boiled eggs in halves, arrange in a deep dish and pour the sauce over them. A plain salad of head lettuce or shredded lettuce with slices of stuffed olives adds to the dish.

HORSESHOE FOR LUCK

ONE OF THE OLDEST OF ALL KNOWN SUPERSTITIONS.

Had Its Origin in the Belief in Witches—Steeds of the Greeks and Romans Were Not Shod—Japanese Use Sandals.

It is not difficult to understand why lovers of horses came to adopt the horseshoe as a talisman against misfortune. Horses were considered to be especially liable to the machinations of witches. This fact stands out in all the records of the Lancashire witches and other evil hags.

If precautions were not taken these mischievous witches would ride the horses at dead of night over the hills, and when the owner came to the stables in the morning he would find his animals in lather and utterly exhausted. A horseshoe fastened over the stable door was believed to ward off such evil.

There is no superstition more deeply ingrained in all classes of society than that which is attached to the horseshoe. As an emblem of good fortune it holds pride of place. Nelson did not disdain to nail a horseshoe to the mast of the Victory. In the early part of the nineteenth century the horseshoe was very highly prized, and there were few mansions where it was not displayed, while humbler folks were at great pains to fasten it over their doors.

Horses were not shod either by the Greeks or Romans. The ancients were content with wrapping fiber cloth round the feet of their horses in cold weather, or when it was necessary to pass through miry districts. Instead of troubling about horseshoes they devoted their attention to hardening the hoofs of their mounts.

Nero, who ever strove to outdistance his contemporaries, caused his horse to be shod with silver, while his wife's were resplendent with gold, but in no case were nails driven into the hoofs. The practice of shoeing horses by driving nails into the hoofs was introduced into England by William the Conqueror, but such practice did not make any headway for centuries.

The Indians, who had no superiors as horsemen, never thought of shoeing their mounts in any way, and yet they were capable of performing remarkable journeys over most difficult country. The Sandown derby was won by a horse running in a natural state. The race was run twice owing to the fact that three horses made a dead heat on the first occasion. Prior to the second attempt the owner of Marden gave orders for the light plates to be removed from the hoofs of his nominee, with the result that Marden gained a comfortable victory by three lengths.

Even at the present day in Japan the modern horseshoe finds a strong competitor in the old-fashioned sandals made of straw which are fastened to the horse's hoofs after the manner of equine "cricket shoes."

Shrinking Eve's Apple.

A curious tradition of the Talmud relates that the "apple" of which Eve ate was really a kernel of wheat, which in those days grew on a wonderful tree whose trunk glowed like gold, whose branches gleamed like silver, whose twigs, resplendent as precious coral, were covered with emerald leaves, and bore globes of ivory the size and shape of the egg of an ostrich.

The story goes on to state that the hapless pair having gathered more than they could eat, were conducted by the angel Gabriel beyond the boundaries of Paradise, and given the remaining fruits of their trespass with instructions as to the proper methods of cultivating and using it. The paradisiacal fruit has, however, never thriven since its banishment from Eden, and in the days of the later patriarchs had shrunken to the size of an egg, in Moses' time to the dimensions of a plum, and at the fall of the Jewish sovereignty to the size of a small grape, thereby practically asserting that the race has been eating the veritable fruit of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil" ever since.—Charles Winslow Hall, in National Magazine.

Electric Sparks in Cancer Treatment.

Recently a French specialist, Dr. De Keating Hart, has been demonstrating what is known as the fulguration treatment of cancer, effectually prevents the recurrence of this otherwise fatal disease. The theory of the treatment is that after a malignant tumor has been removed the healthy cells that surround it are made by sparks of extremely high static electricity incapable of ever again being able to harbor and promulgate cancerous germs. At a recent demonstration Doctor Hart stood with the conductor of his machine in his hand, and as each tumor was removed he applied his treatment, sparks of great fineness but extreme brilliancy shooting from the instrument into the cavity made by the surgeon's knife. He explained that it had been discovered that these sparks were able so to change the healthy cells upon which the cancer had grown as to render their nature entirely different. This fact has been demonstrated by a microscopic examination, but, curiously enough, the sparks appear to have no effect whatever upon the diseased cells themselves. The greatest care has therefore to be taken to insure the complete extirpation of the cancer before the treatment is applied.

FOR LUNCHEON TABLE

THREE LIGHT DISHES THAT WILL PROVE ACCEPTABLE.

Ingredients for Delectable Recipes Generally on Hand—Mint Meat Loaf a Favorite With Those Who Like the Taste.

Mint Meat Loaf.—Mince together (fine) two pounds cold cooked lamb, two hard-boiled eggs, one pound cold cooked beef tongue, half pound cold boiled ham and a small bunch of parsley and chives. Grate into these one clove of garlic, add one teaspoon onion juice, a good pinch of mace and red pepper, two heaping tablespoons of soft butter, one teaspoon brown sugar, one tablespoon of cider vinegar and half cup of very finely cut mint. Mix all together well with one cup of stock. Put over fire and cook a few minutes, stirring all the time. Pour into square mold and set away to become firm and cold. Slice thin with sharp knife. Garnish with watercress and pimentos. It can also be sliced and allowed a few hours to harden, then dipped in aspic jelly. This is excellent.

Baked Tomatoes With Mushrooms.—Pour hot water over eight medium-sized tomatoes. Pour this off and cover with cold water, then skins can be removed nicely. Cut fine six green onions, a small piece of garlic and put with three tablespoons of butter in a saucepan over fire. Add to this one heaping tablespoon of flour and stir all together until a nice brown; then add one quart of cold stock slowly, stirring smooth. Add a good shake of tabasco, half teaspoon of paprika, a pinch of sage and salt to taste. Drain a can of mushrooms, cut them in slices and with their liquor add to the sauce. Put tomatoes in earthenware bakedish, pour sauce over, cover and bake until tomatoes are done. Sprinkle with fine cut parsley after taking from the oven.

Egg Fritters.—Boil until hard four fresh eggs. Take off shells and cut into half-inch slices. Take out yolks, being careful not to break white rings. Beat the yolks to a paste with one tablespoon of butter, one small sour pickle and piece pimento minced fine. Mix together with one teaspoon of anchovy paste a few drops of tabasco and a small pinch of mustard. Press this back into white rings. Dip each ring into fritter batter and fry brown in hot fat as you would doughnuts. Very nice served with cold meat of any kind for a luncheon.

To Iron Fine Damask Linen.

There is a superstition that fine damask shows up better if ironed without drying, a superstition that deserves to be exploded. Hang your linen very smooth and take it down, folding it as smooth as possible, when it is fairly damp. Let it lie folded and covered thickly an hour or so, then iron dry. This you can do with infinitely less wear to the fabric than if you ironed it sopping wet. As to the saving of muscle no words are needed. If things are allowed to get bone dry, then sprinkled down, they never come quite so smooth as if folded damp. But bone drying in midsummer sun is worth while now and again, in that it sweetens and whitens as no artificial agency possibly can.

Split-Pea Soup.

Pick over one cupful of dried split peas and soak in cold water over night. Drain, add two and one-half quarts of cold water, half an onion and a two-inch cube of fat salt pork. Bring gradually to the boiling point and let simmer three or four hours, until soft; then rub through a sieve. Melt three tablespoonfuls of butter, add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until well blended; then pour on gradually two cupfuls of scalded milk. Bring to the boiling point and add pea puree. Season with one and one-half teaspoonfuls of salt and one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper. Serve hot, with croutons. If too thick, dilute with hot milk.

Chocolate Cake.

Cream together two tablespoonfuls butter and one cupful of sugar, then add one egg. Sift together thoroughly one and one-fourth cupfuls of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. If baking powder is used instead of the soda take one level teaspoonful. Add alternately with a half cupful of milk to the other mixture, adding a half teaspoonful of vanilla and one square melted chocolate just before putting into the pan.

Ironing Sheets a Waste of Effort.

Hang linen table cloths always across the warp—that is, the lengthwise of them. Warp threads are doubly as strong as woof, and thus better able to stand strain. Take down sheets and so on when barely damp, fold them, smooth them upon a clean flat surface, then pile them one on another under moderate weight in an airy place. Don't iron them—it is a waste of effort. Do not iron stockings or underwear, especially woolen underwear.

Rhubarb for Rust.

Stew rhubarb in the usual way, making it thinner, however, than usual and adding no sugar to it. Soak your rusted white clothes in it for three-quarters of an hour, then take out, rinse in cold water and pour boiling water over them, to take out the purple stain of the rhubarb. This will take out rust stains when everything else fails.—McCall's Magazine.

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